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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

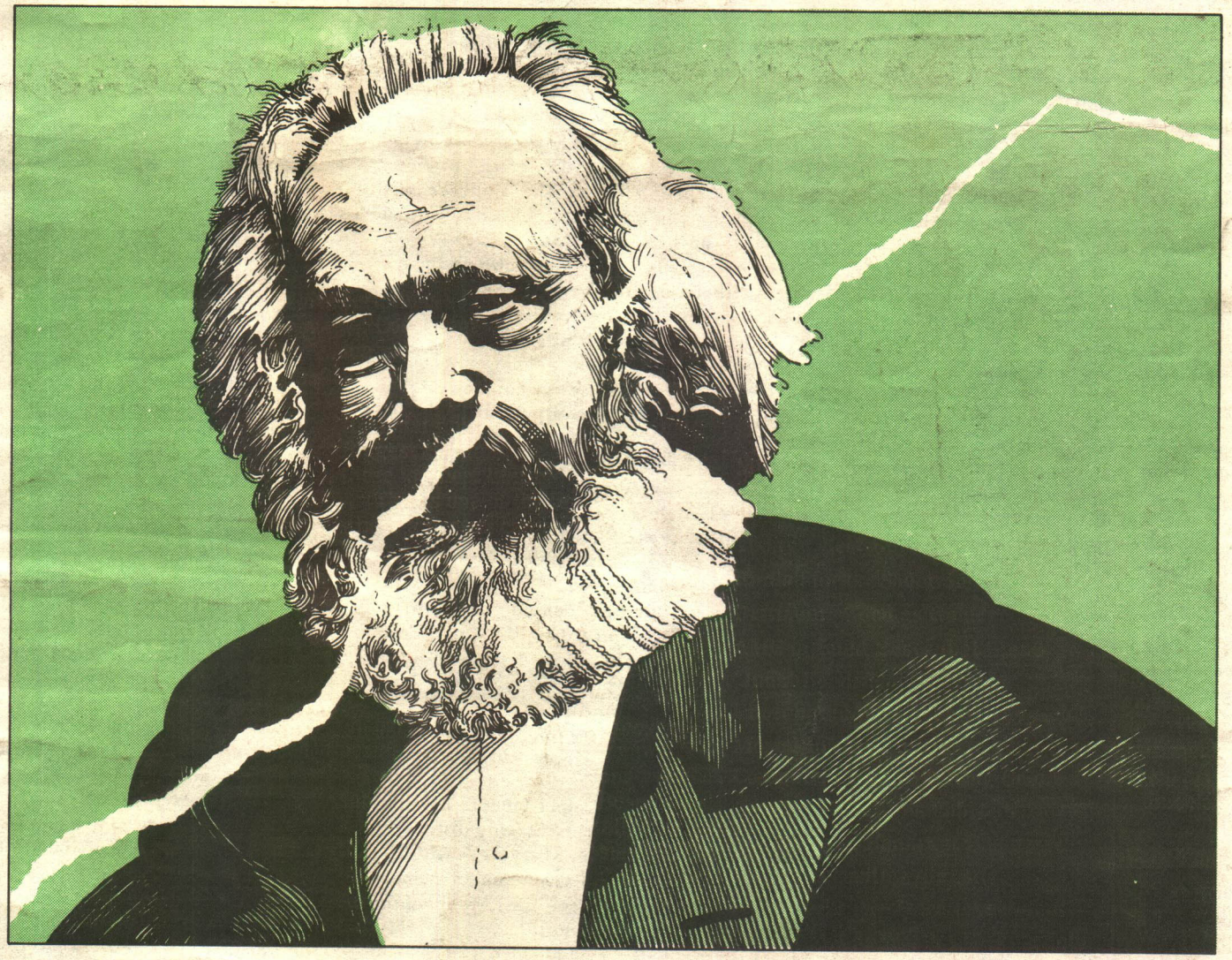
VOL. 14 MAY 1981 NO. 5

Rael Jean Isaac & Erich Isaac: Radical Churches

John Muggeridge: O! Canada!

S. Fred Singer: The Great UN Snorkel

Matei Calinescu: Dead Currents of Marxism



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A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• March 6 to April 1, and as these lines are being written charnel and angry thoughts abound. Very bad news has come from the Washington Hilton where the President, his press secretary, and two security guards have been shot. Even before it was known whether the President would live or die, loutish television journalists were duteously reminding ideologues that the President had opposed gun control. Mr. Fred Graham, CBS's so-called "legal correspondent," displayed near total ignorance when asked by Mr. Dan Rather to relate the 25th Amendment, and then both of these whistle brains went on to declare erroneously that the Amendment, and then both of these whistle-brains went on to declare erroneously that the hours, sniping at the sorely pressed White House personnel as though the White House were perpetrating infamy, or as though its first obligation were to television news rather than to the Constitution and to matters of state. Then, apparently bored by the proceedings, the louts fell upon Secretary of State Alexander Haig and created a huge controversy over whether Mr. Haig had just attempted America's first generals' putsch, or whether he had merely spoken maladroitly. By the time our April 1 print deadline had arrived the magnificoes of the media had spent more time condemning Mr. Haig than the would-be assassin, John W. Hinkley, Jr., filmgoer.

• Yet in the wake of the bad news and this latest saturnalia of sophomorism from television land came that incomparable display of spirited humor from George Washington University Hospital. President Reagan on his way to surgery, on his way from surgery, and for hours thereafter launched a host of witticisms, cheerfully and artfully sculpted by Ron himself. Speech writers were not in attendance. Here is a rarity. In an era awash with ineffable self-pity and torpor—overrun as we are by milksops, dullards, and adepts of the New Age Freudian whim-wham—there stands Ronald Reagan. He takes a twenty-two to the chest and quips to his wife, "Nancy, honey, I forgot to duck." Already having suffered serious breathing impairment and loss of blood, he looks up at the surgeons sharpening their blades and enquires: "Please tell my you're Republicans." The thing continued through the night and into the morning when he signed the dairy price support bill, and, upon being notified that the government was "running normally," rejoined, "What makes you think I would be happy about that?" Let us not look darkly into our beer. Let us celebrate this colossal man. Ronald Reagan is the greatest showman of all. On with the Administration!

• In nature notes, the swallows returned to Capistrano, oblivious once again to the crowds of randy bird watchers gathered to greet them at that ancient California mission. The groundhog saw his shadow; and, as crocuses, daffodils, and even tulips bloomed in a prodigiously premature spring, the dull-witted mammalian dove back into the feathers. The famed buzzards of Hinkley, Ohio returned to that northeast Ohio metropolis right on time; and in the Soviet Union the Russians sent their first Mongolian into outer space, though they also sent a Russian along to keep an eye on it. Four nights of mad samba dancing claimed the lives of 120 people during the 1981 Rio Carnival in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. A man posing as a holy father of the church robbed Mr. Donald Basmeson of $1,300 in Los Angeles, California. And an abortion was thwarted at Chicago's Dearborn Homes housing project when a janitor found a four-to-five-day-old boy squirming and squalling in a trash compactor.

• A high-toned audience at London's Dorchester Hotel was visibly flabbergasted when the woman they had come to honor, screen star Gloria Swanson, arrived under the obvious influence of health foods. The audience had expected the aging Siren to deliver a learned discourse on her latest tome, *Swanson on Swanson*. Instead she slammed down on them a violent fifteen-minute health foods sermon. "You must not even drink water," the old gas bag hollered, "It's acid. It will kill you. . . . I am trying to teach the young people of America that they are not bad. It's just what they eat that is making them bad." Copious draughts of carrot juice have been known to have this effect, but the staid English remained uncomprehending. One lady called it "an embarrassment." Being the lawful wedded wife of former Texas House Speaker Price Daniel, Jr. (deceased) was a lurid and ribald experience. At least, that is the report from his demure little lady, Mrs. Price Daniel. During a custody battle Mrs. Daniel notified the jury that Mr. Daniel was given to cussedness. Indeed, he would on occasion expose his buttocks, and when Mrs. Daniel would entreat him to cover himself, "He'd go parading around," she testified, "shaking his behind." Hence, she took strong measures.

• Nervous Liberals and super-Liberals continue to monitor the dangerous right-wing drift of the Republic. In Baltimore, Maryland, the City Council has approved a resolution to name a plaza after Mr. Albert Speer, the I.M. Pei of the Third Reich. In Eagle Point, Oregon, Mr. Hazen Bernard, the cold-blooded principal of the local high school, has issued a *diktat* banning kissing and hugging by students, despite all the sociological evidence demonstrating the life-enhancing qualities of these activities. And in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, the principle of religious pluralism was given a chilling blow when the alleged leader of a local devil worship sect was found guilty of murdering a young prostitute during a woodland ritual which was fully sanctioned by the tenets of his religion.

• The serious business of assuring equal rights for black Americans continues, notwithstanding the reactionary climate. The Rev. Jesse Jackson gave the civil rights movement a prodigious boost, undertaking a timely tour of the Persian Gulf where he met with such personages as Sheikh Khalifa Bin Hamad Althani, Emir of Qatar. Thus far the Rev. Jackson has been unable to get a single Persian Gulf leader to wear the green ribbons worn in America to protest the unsolved Atlanta murders, but he and the Sheikh did "review the situation in the Middle East and other international and regional issues," according to the Qatari news agency. In the days of Jim Crow these things never happened. Civil Rights groups in Rhode Island have prevailed upon that state's Commission on Human Rights to order the Sambo Restaurant chain to change the name of its eateries so that, in accordance with the state's Public Accomodations Act, prospective black customers will not feel "unwelcome." And in Chicago, Illinois, the Concerned Citizens of Washington Heights, Inc. has fallen upon the Shriners Circus for its infamous black poodle act in which a negro poodle grows indolent and uncooperative when asked to do tricks. In the judgment of Mr. Marrell Haney, spokesman for the Concerned Citizens, the act is an "obvious analogy to black people—portraying them as cowardly, unclean, sneaky and stupid."

• The progressive coroner of San Francisco, facing an alarming incidence of injuries and deaths from sado-masochistic sex, has auspicated a series of workshops in the gay community. Apparently the workshops will dispense a kind of supersophisticated sex education, instructing sado-masochistic homosexuals in first aid, urology, and gastroenterology. According to the coroner, the program is being developed at the request of the homosexuals themselves, who "for the most part do not want to see people get hurt." There was high drama at the United Nations where members of the Ad Hoc Group on Equal Rights for Women presented UN Secretary General Mr. Kurt Waldheim with a report that one in four female employees of the United Nations has been sexually harassed. And on March 18, the former British High Commissioner to Canada, Sir Peter Hayman, was identified by a member of Parliament as having been in a notorious child pornography ring. Sir Peter, who maintained a small London apartment where he conducted a tireless exchange of obscene correspondence, immediately resigned from all business ties, including International Students House, a London trust for foreign students. He then left, according to friends, for a vacation. Security at Disneyland has been heightened.

—RET

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EDITORIAL

THAT WARM OVAL-SHAPED VACUUM

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

March 6, 1981 was a very sad day in television land. Dr. Cronkite presided over his very last edition of the CBS "Evening News." Then he was gone.

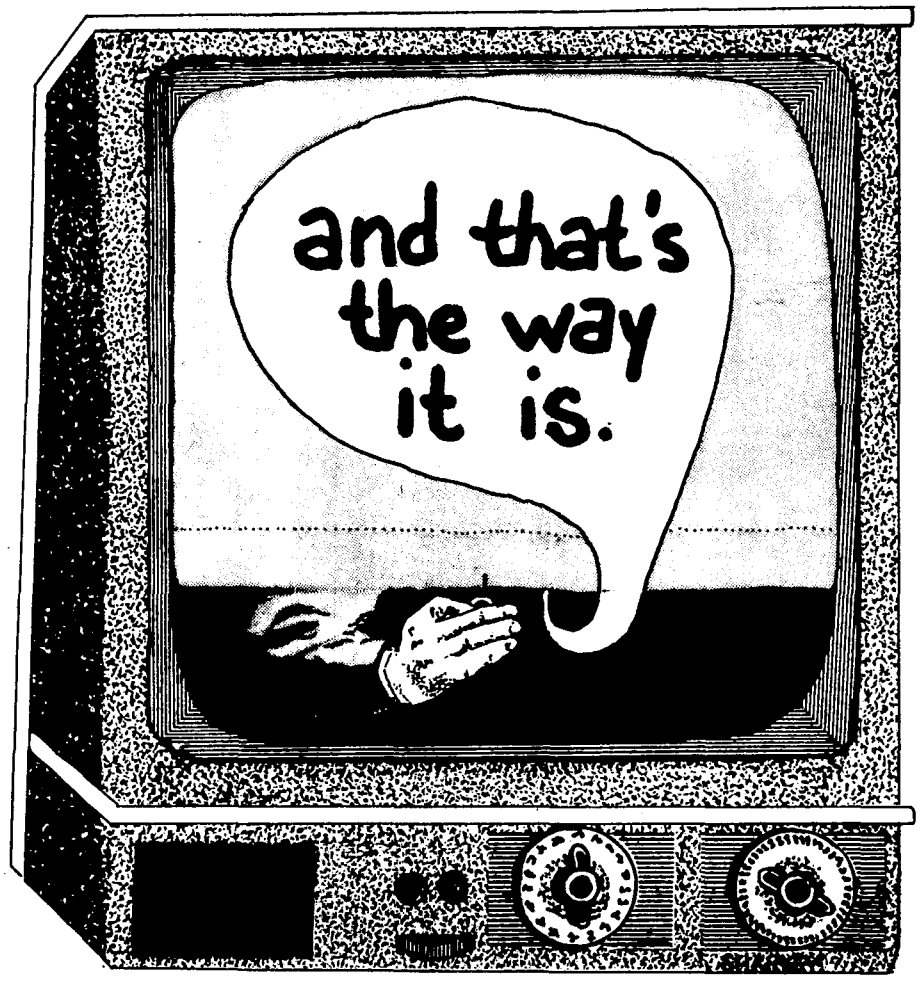
We all should have been prepared for the historic passing. Months in advance the news stories began fluttering to earth. He was pictured on the cover of national magazines. He was awarded a Presidential Medal of Freedom. Countless tributes to him were heaved up. Nonetheless, on that Friday night tears were shed in the CBS newsroom, and all over America the historically minded roosted before their television sets for a last glimpse of the warm oval-shaped vacuum that was Dr. Cronkite. He will be missed, but for how long?

The reverence accorded the man in his last days was even more witless than the pageantry accorded the return of the hostages. Viewing that inglorious event, Peregrine Worsthorne, sharp-eyed English journalist that he is, wrote: "The exaggerated admiration accorded the hostages . . . suggests a sadly low level of expectation . . . How serious can the new American nationalism be if it is so easily aroused and assuaged?" American nationalism aside, all the hoopla over Dr. Cronkite does indeed suggest a rather low level of expectation, at least toward American journalism.

After all, here is a man who in all of his public years has never passed on more than a hint of intellectual substance. He just sat there in front of that infernal microphone! Yet he is esteemed as an authority and a moral paragon. He leaves behind him no books, no essays, no memorable epigrams. I cannot think of a heroic moment, nor even a romantic escapade. Not even a scandal. He dwelt in the land of bromides and wholesome attitudes. He was amiable, but he was unexceptional too. Nevertheless, *Newsweek* spoke of his "awesome stature as a national icon," his "almost mystical appeal," his "integrity, credibility, sagacity, geniality." Well, I do not want to be caught snickering during such a solemn ceremony. I recognize that Dr. Cronkite is a good and decent man. At least he has been good and decent enough to avoid a stretch in Leavenworth. Still, beyond meeting the standard requirements of good citizenship I cannot see that Dr. Cronkite has done anything all that transcendent.

Surely we ought to expect a bit more from our icons, even when they are television journalists. Consider Dr. Cronkite in his glory days: wars covered from a newsroom, government policies wedged into 30-second expositions, humanity observed from the back seat of the CBS corporate limousine, from film clips, from peering over the soup bowls of the giants of our time. Dr. Cronkite may be a genius, he may even be a philosopher, but throughout his career never was there an indication that he had a very deep understanding of any of the thousands of news stories he reported or that he knew anything more about them than the handful of words he spewed forth during an evening performance.

On his behalf it must be said that Dr. Cronkite never demanded the adulation accorded him, though he never very strenuously discouraged it—and forget not how he glowed and looked heavenward when Parson Anderson tendered the Vice Presidency to him. More to his credit, he never joined the television sages in exaggerating the benefits and the possibilities of television news. In truth he occasionally scaled down their absurd claims. It was his only public view that ever suggested that deep intelligence might lurk beneath the avuncular veneer.



Over the last 20 years television has done more than anything else to darken the middle-class citizen's understanding of public events. Millions of thoughtful Americans, who a generation ago would return from work to read an evening newspaper or a popular periodical, now get their news from television; and when all the professors of the television art have finished their testimonials to the brilliance of the tube the simple fact remains that the spoken word coming through a television set does not engage the brain as vigorously as does the printed word. Television cannot convey the information that print conveys nor can it cultivate the critical faculties of its audience. Its only virtue over newsprint is that thanks to television cameras it allows us to see certain public figures in action. It conveys a sense of immediacy and intimacy. But, of course, the sense of immediacy is meretricious and the sense of intimacy is false.

One of the ironies of television land is that the camera, a device that was thought to give viewers a more accurate perception of the world, actually gives viewers a distorted perception of the world. It falsifies events and personages. Dramatic filming techniques, different lenses, different lighting all combine to present different images of life. The very art of placing public figures and

Adapted from RET's weekly column syndicated by King Features.

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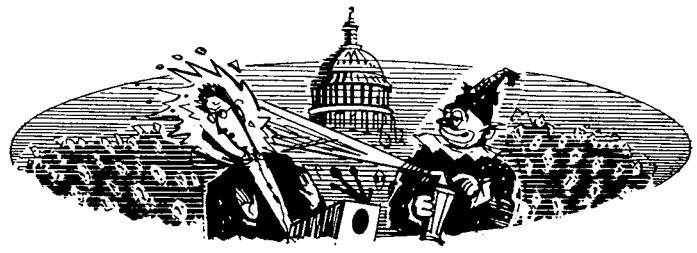
public happenings within a rectangular frame, with voice-overs and musical backgrounds, is a falsification of reality.

Life just does not happen the way it appears on television. The television set brings us fiction, even in its news. Yet the appalling fact is that in America nowadays the fictions of television are actually taking on a life of their own. The week after Walter's exit, the House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment, investigating the pharmaceutical industry and orphan drugs, introduced as its star witness Jack Klugman, an actor who plays the role of a medical examiner on the NBC show "Quincy." Time marches on, and things get worse. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



BEYOND THE OCHRE AND UMBER

by Tom Bethell

It's surprising how few transcontinental airline passengers bother to look out of the airplane window. They are too busy studying real estate maps of Los Angeles, lawyers' briefs, or wearisome government reports. I'm studying a large-scale map of Colorado myself. It is spread out below me, partly obscured by the DC-10 wing. The jet shadow is plowing a determined furrow across ochre and umber squares, suede-colored rectangles which soon give way to great unbordered spaces without a sign of life.

What's all this about our overpopulated environment, then? I've been staring out of the window for the past hour, and to date I have spotted a dozen dots, which can be presumed to be farm houses.

Soon even the farm houses end. The plane-shadow is now plowing across papier-mâche foothills, fir trees clustered on top like iron filings on magnetic poles; to the north a great white ice sheet; here below purpled hills, rilles, and Rockies; crumpled crevasses, dry branching gullies, wrinkled earth, the Colorado River, the West! Sandstone monuments, the salmon-pink desert . . . No natural resources here, gentlemen. Only the elements.

The desert continues for about another hour, then one begins to see irrigated land, the occasional reservoir, outposts of civilization, the Los Angeles Aqueduct bringing water from the Owens Valley to the north, urban outskirts, suburbs, the San Fernando Valley, the Pacific Ocean. Within a few minutes we had landed.

It had all been arranged by telephone. For the next few weeks I would be the "writer-in-residence" at the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner.*

I stood outside the airport concourse and awaited my chauffeur, like Jeremy Pordage in Aldous Huxley's *After Many a Summer.* But somehow he never came and in the end I rented a car. Huxley, arriving in Los Angeles in the 1930s, was immediately intrigued by the signs:

EATS
COCKTAILS
JUMBO MALTS
FACIALS

The city was then at the leading edge of popular Western culture. Perhaps it still is, but you wouldn't know it from the immediately visible signs, which have a déjà vu quality:

TRAVELODGE
HOWARD JOHNSON

What, then, are the distinctive signs of contemporary culture? Are they still in English? Perhaps I should make their discovery the grand object of my visit.

Within a few days I arranged to have lunch with Ben Stein, the former White House speechwriter whose book *The View From Sunset Boulevard* documents quite thoroughly the prevailing anti-capitalist trend in Hollywood. (This has also been established with greater statistical precision in a study forthcoming from The Media Institute in Washington, D.C. According to the Institute's president, Leonard Theberge, the study finds that two-thirds of the time they are shown on prime-time television, businessmen are depicted either as crooks, con men, or clowns, and rarely if ever as engaged in productive activity.) →

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington editor and a Washington editor of* Harper's.

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Stein suggested that I meet him at The Palm restaurant on Santa Monica Boulevard. "You'll recognize it because there will be about a million Rolls Royces and Mercedes outside," he said in a droll voice. Stein recently sold a script to the movies, and he also writes a highly readable column for the *Herald Examiner,* often addressing in an amusingly head-on way the taboo subject of status. He told me right off that one of the problems writers encounter in Hollywood is that there are too many of them: One in a thousand film scripts is sold; and of these, one in 250 is actually made into a film. Thus a lot of people struggling against those monumental odds are likely to conclude after a few years that "the system" is somehow to blame, that they are unfairly at the mercy of crassly commercial businessmen, and so on. But instead of applying for a steady job at the Department of Human Resources, or whatever, they take it out on capitalism.

From what Stein said, I gathered that one of the problems with Hollywood is that people never know when they are well off. "I had lunch in this very restaurant with a 16-year-old actress last week," he said. "She's making $8500 a week. But she says she's being cheated."

He paused to wave at a record producer, and pointed out an extremely thin TV actress who has "a $400-a-day cocaine habit."

"Then, take the writer who is paid $200,000 for a script," he went on, "and he says *he's* being cheated. This writer will say, 'Look at Norman Lear. He gets $20 million.' Or another writer who was paid $300,000 for a film script, and the film was a hit, grossing $40 million. But he has no 'points.' No share of the profits. So he thinks *he's* being cheated. 'There would be no picture without my script,' the writer will say to himself. And then take Norman Lear. He gets $20 million, say, but he says, 'Look, the network is making $100 million . . . ' And because of taxes, Norman only keeps a few cents on the dollar anyway. So everyone thinks he is being cheated."

So there you have a kind of pyramid of envy, call it Hollywood Green, which keeps a lot of people in a state of unnecessary mental turmoil. I had been intrigued that very day by a story in the paper about Suzanne Somers, who believes that "her $30,000 a week salary is below that of comparable stars on other successful television series." Invidious comparisons obscure our blessings.

"Even so," Stein added, "almost all these people really do get cheated one way or another, no matter how much they are paid."

He spotted my faded East Coast Brooks Brothers rig and recommended a tailor: Giorgio's on Rodeo Drive.

"Next time I'll tell you about how secretaries come to Hollywood and become film producers within a couple of years," Ben Stein promised.

I drove to Rodeo Drive, a smart street in Beverly Hills where someone was dusting off the sidewalk with a feather mop. Giorgio's has a bar, and numerous photographs of the stars who have patronized the trendy haberdashery. I admired a framed picture of William O. and Kathleen Douglas, well-known stars in Hollywood, and did a lot of soul-searching before deciding against a cashmere sports coat costing $875. A gentleman next to me bought five shirts and a couple of sweaters, costing $980. He paid for them with $100 traveler's checks. (When I told someone this, the only thing that surprised him was that the customer was American.)

Next I set off in search of Arthur B. Laffer, the famous economist who appropriately lives in Los Angeles—Supply-Side Land. (The supply of L.A. preceded the demand for it. It was built with effort, not natural resources, and it is "maintained" with envy.) Laffer occupies a tiny office in the University of Southern California's Hoffman Hall. Laffer, who looks about ten years younger than he really is (40), was sharing his office with numerous toy parrots and figurine turtles. On a book shelf behind him I noticed the titles *Cactaceous Plants* and *Turtles of The World*. Yes, there *were* one or two books on economics as well, but he has sensibly not allowed himself to be buried by the thoughts of defunct economists.

Laffer said he could only think of one other economist whose name has been connected to a "curve"—A.W. Phillips of the London School of Economics, whose defunct curve blamed inflation on employment. I asked Laffer if he met with much envy from other economists in view of his sudden fame, or notoriety. "I encounter substantial amounts of aggression from economists," he conceded. "I don't judge motives. But when you're with them you can feel it." One called him "the Laetrile of economics."

According to the writer Jude Wanniski, Laffer first drew his curve—which graphically illustrates the argument that when tax rates rise above a certain level then people start paying less, not more taxes—on a paper napkin in the Two Continents restaurant in Washington, D.C. Strangely enough, Laffer doesn't remember the occasion. Besides, he said, "the Two Continents doesn't have paper napkins." It has linen ones. Laffer went to a prep school in Cleveland, and to Yale, and he learned "not to draw on linen."

Hmmmmm. I'm beginning to think that it was Jude Wanniski who first drew the curve. Certainly he was the first to publish it. My theory is that Wanniski knew economic curves are not taken seriously unless they are drawn by people with Ph.D.'s. So he generously imputed it to his friend Laffer. Can anyone shed further light on this new supply-side mystery?

A few days later I went to a punk rock show with a movie producer who is an after-hours aficionado of L.A. punk. We stood in line with about a hundred AWOL Marine Corps recruits who were wearing black leather jackets. Some had strangely dyed hair. Others were wearing swastikas. They gave us unfriendly stares, dressed as we were like Saturday-night liberals.

"It isn't like the old peace and brotherhood rock scene," the Producer said in a low voice. "They don't believe in the perfectibility of man."

We entered the inky-indigo club. Behind the bandstand were signs reading:

FAG
GAY
HOMO
LEZBO

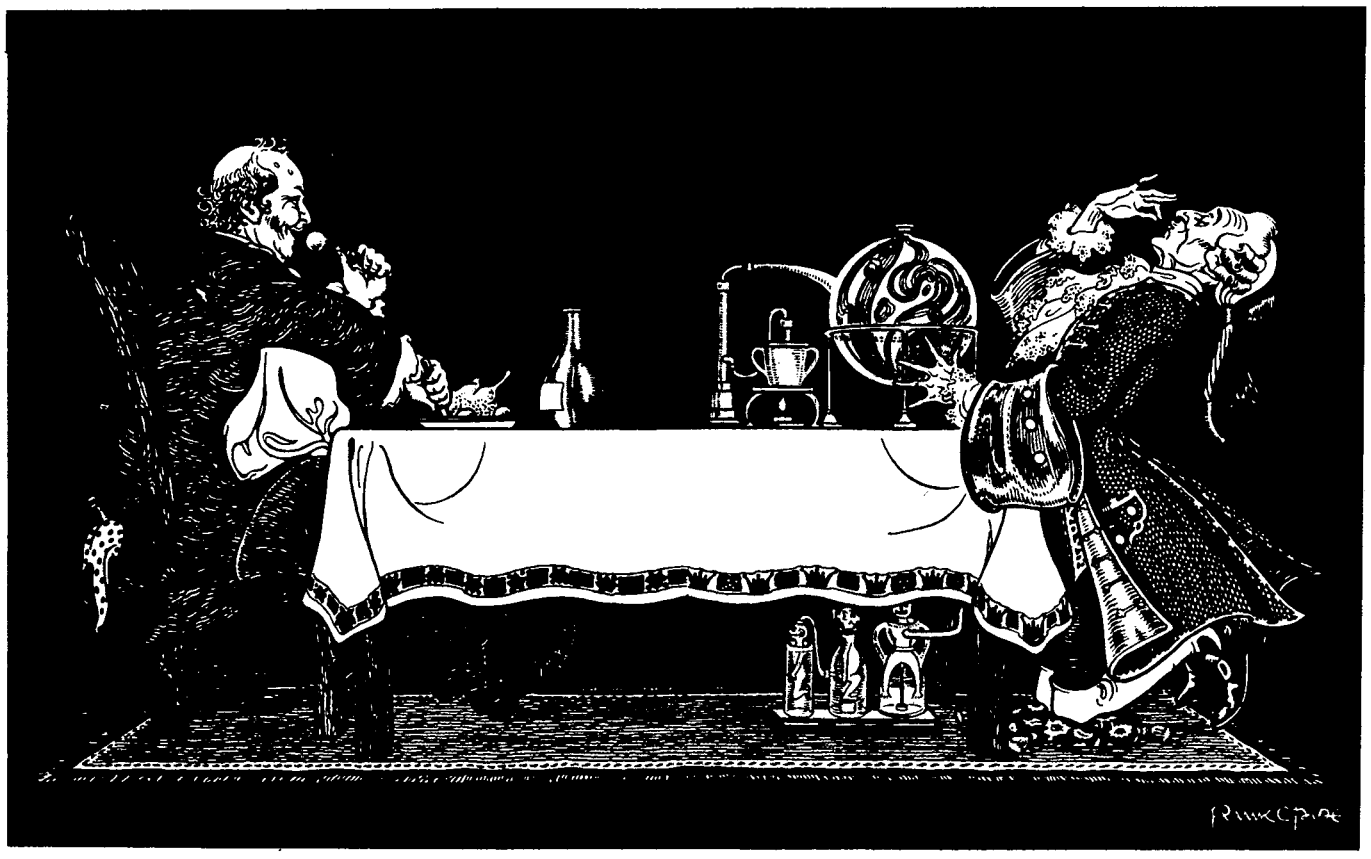
Signs of our times! The four-piece band came charging out onto the stage and their leader seized the microphone: "Hey," he shouted, "how many queers have we got here tonight?" Then he announced the first number: "Let's Have A War!"

"Yay!" the AWOL marines responded in unison.

"We want to go to Salvador!"

"Yay!"

"They read Hobbes, not Rousseau," the Producer yelled in my ear. I could barely hear him above the din. But for the first time since coming to L.A., I could feel the cutting edge of popular Western culture. □



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Rael Jean Isaac and Erich Isaac

SANCTIFYING REVOLUTION: PROTESTANTISM'S NEW SOCIAL GOSPEL

The Sword is my Shepherd . . . and give us this day our open gay.

The Reverend Dr. Spacely-Trellis, Bishop of Bevindon, condemned the World Council of Churches for its decision to send 45,000 pounds to the guerillas then operating inside Rhodesia. His grounds? The World Council could not be absolutely sure that the money would be spent on arms rather than on food, clothing, and medicine. Dr. Spacely-Trellis argued: "Would it not have been prudent to take no chances and send actual weapons instead, through whatever ecumenical channels are available, thus expressing the Church's concern for the Third World in terms which everybody can understand?" The bishop then brandished a submachine gun, causing his parishioners to duck beneath their pews.

No, this did not happen. It is English satirist Peter Simple's portrait of radical churchmen. But the reality is not much less bizarre. The following *did* happen. Toward the end of 1975, the Fifth Assembly of the World Council of Churches convened in Nairobi, Kenya. The main speaker was Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, Professor of World Christianity at Union Theological Seminary in New York City. Dr. Brown testified that as a white male bourgeois American he embodied "racism, sexism, classism, and imperialism." In token of his penitence he announced that he would no longer be guilty of "linguistic imperialism" and switched to Spanish. As the audience reached for their translation headsets to return Dr. Brown's Spanish to English, he described Jesus as a spokesman for social and political liberation. But ever conscious of the fatal impediments of his being and upbringing, Dr. Brown apologized: "You may feel that I have not made Jesus political enough, and that I am too conditioned by bourgeois categories to understand the full thrust of liberation."

How did the representatives of modern Christianity come to the point where *London Daily Telegraph* Editor Colin Welch could explode in fury: "Those wretched Churchmen: in a way one could respect them more if they went to Africa themselves to murder missionaries and children rather than hire a pack of savages to do it for them"? Welch was referring to the same 1978 World Council of Churches grant to the Patriotic Front guerillas operating against the elected interracial government of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia that had angered Peter Simple. In the two-year period prior to the grant the Patriotic Front had massacred 33 foreign missionaries and their children. Shortly after receiving it the Front shot down a civilian plane and massacred the survivors. When protests were raised in the United States, the United Presbyterian Church issued a statement defending the grant. The statement even rejected suggestions that the World Council make sure the money went for medicine rather than guns on the grounds that "the way we make the grants is part of our statement of trust."

The slashing attacks of Welch and Simple are reinforced by more sober-sounding but equally critical analyses from respected churchmen like William Rauscher (Episcopalian), Richard Neuhaus (Lutheran), and Paul Ramsay (Methodist) in the United States, and Edward Norman (Anglican) in England. These critics have decried the political radicalization of an influential segment of Western Protestant clerical leadership. In Norman's words:

> The contemporary equivalent of burning your opponent at the stake is to give aid, as the World Council of Churches does, either actively or by moral support, to those engaged in armed attempts to extinguish their political opponents in the developing world.

The direct funding of terrorists is the most dramatic form of support for revolution given by church organizations. In 1980 the World Council of Churches announced record donations to the Program to Combat Racism, under which the grants to terrorist organizations are made. The lion's share of the money ($350,000) went to the African National Congress and to the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO),

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both Soviet-backed movements operating in southern Africa. (More than half of all American contributions to the World Council of Churches come from the United Methodist and the United Presbyterian Church.)

Much more church money, however, goes to fronts for terrorist organizations and totalitarian states, and for field work, both in the United States and overseas, designed to raise consciousness of oppression and to organize the oppressed against their designated oppressors. Many millions of dollars in cash and services for such purposes are contributed annually by the National Council of Churches, the United Methodist Church, the Episcopalian Church, the United Presbyterian Church, and the United Church of Christ. Remarkably, even small peace churches like the Quakers and Mennonites have been seized by revolutionary fervor. For example, the Community Information and Legal Aid Center run by the American Friends Service Committee in East Jerusalem is essentially a legal-aid center for arrested PLO terrorists. Its chief social worker served a four-month prison sentence for participation in a PLO cell.

The climate in some church agencies has grown so fevered that they have literally become breeding grounds for terrorists. A goodly part of the Episcopal Church's National Commission on Hispanic Affairs wound up in jail, for either committing acts of terror for the Puerto Rican FALN or covering up for those who did. One member of the Commission observed ruefully that some of its members seem to have been doing the church's work by day and throwing bombs by night. In view of the attitude of church leadership toward revolutionary change, those members may well have believed they were doing the church's work by both day and night.

A former Commission member, Carlos Alberto Torres, joined the FBI's most wanted list in 1976, after police found 211 sticks of dynamite, 50 pounds of carbon nitrate, and a dozen batteries and blasting caps in his apartment. In 1978 the Commission's former Northeast Regional representative, William Morales, lost his fingers and part of his jaw while inexpertly making bombs for the FALN in his apartment. Morales promptly filed a $1.2 million lawsuit against New York officials, charging these officials with confiscating his fingers instead of arranging for them to be resewed. He did not stay around to collect, however, preferring to escape from a prison ward at Bellevue a month after being sentenced to a 29-89 year prison term. (The FALN is not always so incompetent. In 1975, a bomb in New York's historic Fraunces Tavern killed four and injured dozens more.)

While the police were still looking for Torres, the Hispanic Commission's Executive Director and its secretary went to jail rather than testify about his whereabouts. At the time of their release from jail ten months later (their legal fees paid for by the Episcopal Church and the National Council of Churches), three other members of the Commission remained incarcerated for refusing to testify before grand juries. Although the Executive Director and secretary were given $40,000 upon their release as "a pastoral response to their financial need," the church's support was insufficient, according to Episcopal Bishop Robert DeWitt who condemned *any* cooperation by the church with federal authorities. The Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization (IFCO), then a program of the National Council of Churches, argued that although some might contend it was the duty of church people to aid the authorities in apprehending criminals, "that may be true *so long as the trail does not lead through the church.*" (Italics in the original)

At the April 1980 United Methodist Church's General Conference, Methodist layman David Jessup presented a report on contributions to radical political groups made by several church agencies between 1977 and 1979. In Jessup's words:

> Most Methodist churchgoers would react with disbelief, even anger, to be told that a significant portion of their weekly offerings were being siphoned off to groups supporting the Palestine Liberation Organization, the governments of Cuba and Vietnam, the pro-Soviet totalitarian movements of Latin America, Asia and Africa, and several violence-prone fringe groups in this country.

In seeking to discredit the Jessup study, the Board of Global Ministries of the Church brushed the criticism off as "right wing extremism." But Jessup scarcely qualifies even as a conservative. He works for the AFL-CIO and was active in the Peace Corps in Peru and in the civil rights and farm worker movements in California. Anxious to work for refugee aid within the church, Jessup first became aware that something was amiss when his children came home from Sunday school with

appeals for surprising causes. Jessup documented $442,000 in direct grants to political activist groups, many of them terrorist and totalitarian support groups, and calculated that in-kind services to these groups went into the millions.

Jessup asked the General Conference of the United Methodist Church to establish a Committee on Accountability to reassess the extent of aid given by the church to such groups and to consider carefully whether anti-democratic groups should be funded at all. The Conference refused. Instead the Methodist bureaucracy prepared a rebuttal to Jessup's study. And that rebuttal is fascinating for the insight it provides into church rationalizations for supporting totalitarianism and terror. The amount of the grants was not disputed by the church (Jessup had obtained his figures from the church bodies themselves), nor was the radicalism of the groups to which the money was given. The Board of Global Ministries and Board of Church and Society of the Methodist Church defended the grants on the grounds that they conformed to the social principles and social resolutions of the General Conference and were consistent with the Church's mission.

What was this mission? The church's reply to Jessup defines it as "solidarity with the poor and the powerless. . . . In the ministry and message of Jesus, the way in which we treat 'the least of these' transcends the question of whether the political system is totalitarian or democratic." Actually, since in totalitarian states all but a small elite are powerless to control their fate, what the Methodist leadership is saying is that the real mission of the church is solidarity with the poor—not the powerless. It is enough for any group to proclaim itself for the poor to become a theologically appropriate beneficiary of Methodist funds—which explains why Marxist groups invariably qualify. In his introduction to the church's reply to Jessup, Methodist Bishop Roy Nichols, President of the Board of Global Ministries, admits as much: "When the church commits itself to identification with the poor and oppressed, we may sometimes become involved with people whose blend of Marxist interpretation and Christian theology may be different from our own." Since a number of the groups receiving church funds professed no Christian theology at all, the blend did not have to be very diluted.

Many of these groups served as propaganda agencies for Communist states, especially for Cuba and Vietnam. The Methodist Board of Global Ministries gave money to some organizations that produce pro-Cuba propaganda. The most influential of these is the North American Congress on Latin America (NACLA), which was founded as the research arm of the famed SDS of the 1960s. American churches provided initial funding for NACLA; its first headquarters were in the

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building housing the National Council of Churches; many of its founders were seminary students; and one of its founders was the well-known Presbyterian theologian Richard Shaull. None of this has stopped NACLA from viewing the church as a prime instrument of imperial oppression. NACLA developed a "Church Project" designed, in its own words, to expose the churches as "velvet-gloved counterparts of the iron fist of capitalist violence and exploitation."

The Board of Global Ministries also sponsors tours to Cuba and participates in Cuban-sponsored international conferences, which according to one glowing Methodist report "deal with the liberation of people from oppressive political, economic and social systems." Methodist officials have not been deterred by the forcible transfer of thousands of children as young as seven from Africa to Cuba for training as revolutionary cadres for Soviet-backed regimes. Dr. Paul McCleary, associate general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Ministries, has lauded the Cuban program as one that will produce "highly trained and disciplined leaders [who] will be a decisive force in the future direction of their nations."

Even though many in the anti-war movement have condemned human rights violations by the victorious North Vietnamese, the Methodist Church has financed organizations that continue to endorse Vietnam uncritically. These include Friendshipment and the Indochina Resource Center. Pat Patterson of the Board of Global Ministries staff was part of a Friendshipment delegation to Hanoi, and at a May 1977 press conference she told of how the Vietnamese had taught her that their reeducation process was "a way to make people ready for a new society." Mrs. Patterson added: "As a Christian I was particularly moved by this. I have never seen nor heard people taking reconciliation so seriously." The Indochina Resource Center became distinguished by its defense of the Pol Pot regime. Writing in the Center's publications, Gareth Porter, coordinator of the Center from 1974-76, denied there was hunger in Cambodia. His defense of Pol Pot during 1977 congressional hearings so offended liberal Congressman Stephen Solarz that he called the testimony contemptible and compared Porter to the writers who deny that Hitler killed six million Jews. (Since the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia, however, it has become permissible to attack Pol Pot.)

The Methodist's World Division at first funded information offices for both Bishop Muzorewa and Robert Mugabe. But after Muzorewa accepted an internal settlement in 1979, the Methodists gave money only to the Patriotic Front then employing terror against the Muzorewa-led government. It is little wonder that Muzorewa, head of the Zimbabwean Methodist Church, expressed hurt anger when he learned of the Methodist action:

> We just can't understand why the American Church sides with our enemies. Doesn't it seem strange to you that our brothers and sisters . . . would support people who want to close our churches?

Presently the Methodists fund American support groups for the Soviet-backed African National Congress and the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO). In 1978, the World Division of the Church also gave $5,000 directly to the African National Congress. Doubtless, the Methodist leaders believe their money is being used in the fight against racism and colonialism, but Methodist Church resolutions have the peculiar habit of singling out Soviet-dominated African countries as being especially deserving of economic aid from the United States.

Methodist funds provided transportation, bail, and other assistance to the noisy pro-Khomeini street demonstrations by the Moslem Students Association in August 1980, when the hostages were in their tenth month of captivity. That same month Ramsey Clark was given the use of Methodist facilities in Washington to announce to the press his plan to investigate U.S. crimes in Iran. Jessup points out that John Adams of the Board of Church and Society was leading marches of Iranian students as late as September, "his lanky frame pacing along about 20 feet in front of the first row of life-size posters of the Ayatollah Khomeini."

Methodist contributions to the PLO are streamed through Palestinian support groups in the United States. One recipient is the Middle East Research and Information Project (MERIP) whose main problem is deciding with which branch of the Palestinian revolution to identify. (Its sympathies clearly lie with George Habash in his tactical struggle with Arafat's organization.) MERIP's publications are included in the Methodist resource packet *Middle East Mosaic* distributed to church study groups. Another recipient is the Palestine Human Rights Campaign, the chief PLO support group in the United States. Palestine Human Rights Bulletin #12, included in the packet, calls for a PLO state on the West Bank and in Gaza as an intermediate step toward a "secular democratic" state—the PLO's euphemism for Israel's destruction. Also receiving Methodist funds is the Palestine Solidarity Committee and its Middle East Resource Center, directed by Sheila Ryan, formerly of the Weather Underground.

Jessup has identified over forty such groups which have received Methodist funds. Some are concerned with domestic issues—for example, denying legitimacy to U.S. intelligence activities. Several, like the American Indian Movement, cooperate with Soviet efforts to publicize the "plight of American political prisoners." What they all have in common is an earnest desire to promote the view that America is an evil society. →

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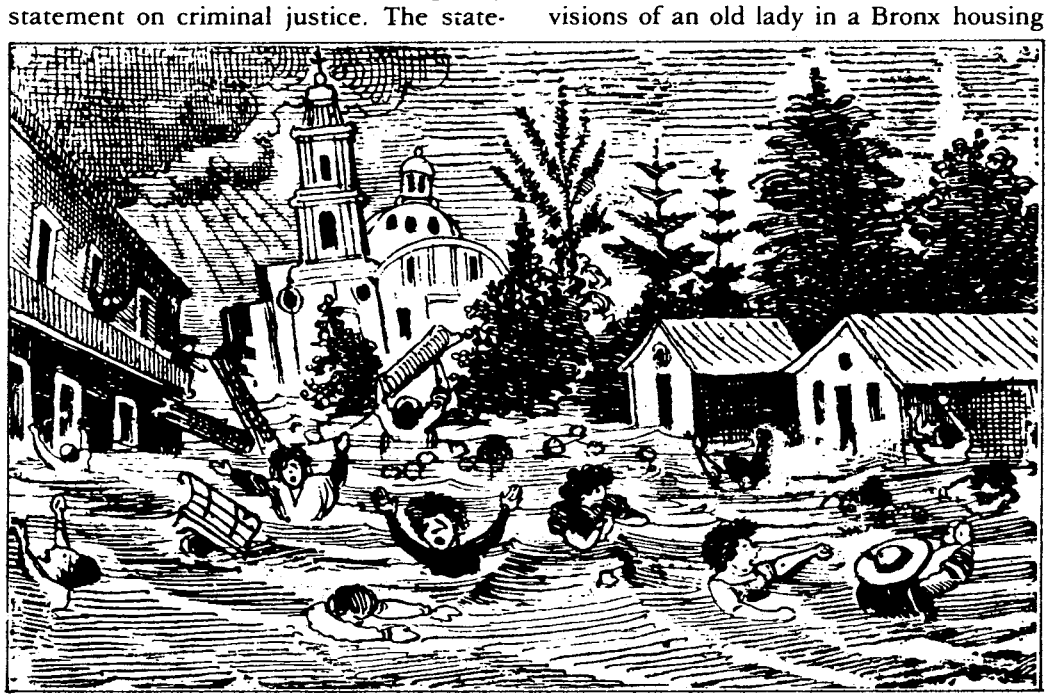
By restricting itself to the funding of support groups, the Methodist Church performs a far more valuable service for their causes than it would if it channeled the weapons directly to the terrorists. The "liberation" movements in Africa, the Middle East, and Latin America are none of them in need of money for arms, since all receive arms directly or indirectly from the Soviet Union. What they do need is legitimacy. They need to be accepted in the United States as positive forces for social change, so as to inhibit any U.S. government action against them.

As the largest contributor ($4.7 million) to the National Council of Churches, the Methodist Church has a strong influence on its policy and direction. The Council includes 32 Protestant and Eastern Orthodox denominations, and it is even further detached than the Methodist bureaucracy from the views (and potential pressures) of lay church members. An important critic of church radicalism, Richard Neuhaus, observes that when "the people at 475 Riverside Drive" (the great block-square structure that houses the National Council) talk of lining up the churches on an issue, what they really mean is that they have contacted a small network of "progressive" bureaucrats in a handful of dwindling denominations. The National Council must satisfy only the likes of Dr. Paul McCleary and his counterparts among the United Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and other denominations. Yet, the National Council never hesitates to speak in the name of 41 million Christians to the media and before Congress.

As in the case of the Methodist Church, actions of the National Council are supposed to follow from its policy statements. The painstaking preparation of these statements suggests that they are important enough to warrant examination for what they may reveal about the National Council's perspective. Let us look at one example: the National Council's policy statement on criminal justice. The statement developed out of a series of hearings by a Council task force in five regions of the country during which 120 people gave testimony. After the hearings the drafting group met with representative panels for further study. When in November 1979 the final product was presented to the Governing Board for approval, one member objected to the title, "The Injustice of the Criminal Justice System." He argued that a less loaded title would be more likely to attract serious attention from members of the criminal justice system. A representative of the task force countered that the document was speaking to victims of the system and so any change in title was unacceptable. (In fact there was a slight change, which meant little in substance: "Challenges to the Injustice of the Criminal Justice System.")

In the United States, according to the final policy statement, "law in itself is unjust and the 'criminal justice system' is poisoned at its source." Our legal system simply reflects "the interest and privilege of the powerful." It is a tool "to suppress non-violent political dissent, to cope with social problems, and to provide cheap labor." Our legal system oppresses the poor and racial minorities who "sometimes serve a scapegoat function for society." At the end of the 12-page document it transpires that there are three levels of culpability. Least at fault is the criminal; partly culpable is the unjust criminal justice system; but most culpable is society itself whose injustices have created the criminal.

The only concrete proposal contained in the paper is the suggestion to replace imprisonment with restitution. "Incarceration should only be imposed with a formal, legally prescribed demonstration that no acceptable alternative exists." Instead, "a constructive social relationship" is to be established between the victim and the offender. The criminal and his victim will negotiate the resolution of their conflict "with appropriate safeguards against vindictiveness and intimidation." One has visions of an old lady in a Bronx housing project sitting in her living room over tea "negotiating" with the thugs who robbed her. The criminals are more than likely to leave the place with whatever they missed the first time.



The National Council unfortunately does not believe that thugs terrorize low-income housing projects. The true criminals are those who represent the institutions that oppress the poor, forcing them into what is interpreted as criminal behavior. Thus, the Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility (a National Council affiliate) is eager to impose criminal sanctions and prison penalties on corporation executives whom it holds responsible for public injury caused by corporate decisions. In the National Council world view social determinism applies only to the poor and minorities. It is not surprising, then, to find the National Council's President, the Reverend M. William Howard, visiting "political prisoners" in the United States. Says Reverend Howard: "One of our favorite beliefs in this country is that we have no political prisoners" when "much of our prison population is comprised of people who are victims of the social, economic and political structures of our society."

In addition to providing intellectual, moral, and political support for radical change, the National Council is also involved in revolutionary "field work," much of it carried out through the Division of Overseas Ministries, which absorbs by far the largest portion of the Council's $31 million annual budget. In a report on its Agricultural Missions program, the Division of Overseas Ministries recognizes hunger "as a problem of injustice more than food scarcity, injustice based on economic inequality, racial and sexual discrimination, technological elitism and on political barriers to change." Agricultural Missions emphasizes support for "local indigenous movements that [have] tended toward total liberation of rural people—spiritual, economic and political." In other words, the National Council's overseas aid program, ostensibly directed to alleviate suffering and hunger in underdeveloped lands, believes its major function to be the creation of rural leadership cadres who will struggle against "oppressive" governments and "transnational corporations." The National Council report suggests how its program works:

> A few leaders of campesino groups from different countries in Latin America get together annually. . . . They discover in one meeting that the most serious problem in the region is the proliferation of transnationals in agribusiness. They feel helpless and ill-equipped to even begin to plan strategies for action. They decide to hold a seminar and invite Gonzolo Arroyo, director of the Research Centers in Latin America and the Third World to help them understand something about transnationals in the agrarian sector, how they function and the power they hold over campesinos. These leaders are then better able to enter into the process of conscientization [consciousness-raising] with their communities.

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In the Council's view, funding this sort of program represents an improvement over previous efforts in the war against hunger, which were confined to the sending of food, seeds, and tools.

Once revolutionaries seize control, the National Council becomes mesmerized by their rhetoric. The Council sends missions of solidarity to the oppressed of Uruguay, Bolivia, Guatemala, Argentina, etc., but to Cuban political prisoners—per capita probably the largest group in Latin America—it pays no accord. Instead, it passes resolutions calling for an end to the U.S. embargo against Cuba, and then it presses for an embargo against El Salvador. Nor does it stop with resolutions. Its Church World Service is opening what it describes as an "advocacy office" in Washington, D.C. whose purpose is to lobby for the establishment of commercial and diplomatic ties with Cuba. Until February 1980, Church World Service defied the U.S. trade ban by flying supplies to Cuba in small Cessna planes. According to Dr. Paul McCleary, its executive director, "You can hand-carry anything into Cuba."

Perhaps the most surprising center of chic-guilt psychosis mixed with radical political activity is the once-staid Episcopal Church, the economic well-being of whose members had earned it the sobriquet "The Republican Party at Prayer." The great Episcopal cathedrals, St. John the Divine in New York and Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, have become centers of what Episcopal Canon William Rauscher describes as "the church in frenzy." Well-known political science professor and Episcopal layman Paul Seabury has described how St. John the Divine was made available for light shows, Shinto rites, Sufi workshops in Dervish dancing, ceremonies for striking farm workers and for Indians at Wounded Knee, special anniversary masses for the musical *Hair* and political protest rallies. On the other side of the continent, Seabury continues, Bishop Kilmer Myers welcomed to Grace Cathedral light shows, guitar liturgies, nature festivals, and pagan ceremonials. Seabury writes:

> In 1971, during one nature ceremony in the cathedral, a decidedly ecumenical audience watched reverently as the poet Allen Ginsberg, wearing a deer mask, joined others similarly garbed to ordain Senators Alan Cranston and John Tunney as godfathers of animals (Cranston of the Tule elk and Tunney of the California brown bear). The cathedral dean was dimly seen through marijuana smoke, wrestling atop the high altar to remove a cameraman, while movie projectors simultaneously cast images of buffalo herds and other endangered species on the walls and ceilings to the accompaniment of rock music.

In 1977, the Church appointed the former spiritual adviser to the Black Panthers, the Reverend Earl Neil, to head its Coalition for Human Needs, responsible for giving money to minority community action groups. In 1980, the 44-member Executive Council of the Church voted to commend Fr. Paul Washington for participating with Ramsey Clark in the Iranian hearings on the crimes of America.

On the whole, the activist church leadership sees itself as a bona fide—if unwilling and penitent—member of the class of affluent oppressors. In a novel departure, however, Episcopal Bishop Robert DeWitt, editor of a journal called the *Witness,* has included the church in the ranks of the oppressed. DeWitt likens the United States to the Roman Empire and the Pharaohs' Egypt. The agents of enslavement are supermarkets, insurance companies, and banks, what he terms the local precincts of the empire. The clergy is not exempt from servitude because its members drive, shop, and buy insurance. Bishop DeWitt is not without a certain optimism, however, for this is the way it was in the land of Egypt until someone preached "Let my people go." Dewitt edited a Study Action Guide for groups within the church in which it is declared, "the system which

creates and sustains much of the hunger, underdevelopment, unemployment and other social ills in the world today is capitalism." A model for emulation is China where the old human tendencies to be selfish and exploitative are disappearing.

The ideas of Bishop DeWitt are clearly dominant in the new Episcopal Urban Caucus, established in February 1980. Its governing body is composed largely of the board of the *Witness* and heading the staff is the magazine's former associate editor. The keynote speaker at its foundation meeting announced that the members were being asked to join a "revolution." The Caucus plans to seek $12 million from the 1982 Convention of the Church. As the Reverend Jerome Politzer has observed with pained humor, "the Protestant Episcopal Church may someday be known as the Marxist Party at prayer."

The leadership of the United Presbyterian Church has also displayed marked sympathy for radical causes for more than a decade. United Presbyterian national headquarters donated $10,000 to the Angela Davis defense fund at the time of her murder trial. (The hierarchy gave no funds to her less chic, non-Communist co-defendant Russell McGee.) The heroes and causes follow hard upon one another. A reader's letter to the conservative *Presbyterian Layman* noted that "Caesar Chavez had been 'bumped off' the first page and draft dodgers have disappeared but they have been adequately replaced by homosexuals, J.P. Stevens and Nestlé." In 1980, the General Assembly of the Church voted to set up an Emergency Fund for Legal Aid for Racial and Intercultural Justice to provide financial assistance to members of racial minorities for costs stemming from litigation. Substantial sums were promptly granted to various individuals accused (in some cases already convicted) of murder and robbery. During the hostage ordeal, the same General Assembly was more concerned with explaining than condemning Iranian actions. The hostages had been in captivity for 231 days when the General Assembly passed a resolution which, while calling for release of the hostages, professed embarrassment at "our quickness in expressing righteous indignation when our own people are hurt, but our slowness to do so when brutal indignities are imposed on others with our tacit support."

The United Church of Christ is probably the most radical of the larger churches. This is reflected in its funding, its personnel, and the degree of lay support enjoyed by its leadership. A further bit of evidence: Attitude surveys have shown that ministers of the United Church of Christ approve of the National Council of Churches more than the ministers of any other of its member denominations.

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John Muggeridge

CATATONIC CANADA

Getting by un-Britishly.

A recent article in the *New York Times* worries about Americans not taking enough interest in Canada's constitutional crisis.

Oddly enough we have the same problem up here: apathy. Questions such as whether or not the new constitution should have an entrenched bill of rights may excite the fancy of cabinet ministers and academics, but what they inspire in most Canadians is a mounting desire to switch channels. This is not to say that we lack interest in our collective future. We have lost hope in it. We tune out the media profs who tell us that they have found a way out of the impasse over offshore mineral rights, and the Ottawa-desk men who explain to us the importance of preserving French in Medicine Hat, Alberta, not because we are too lazy or too unlettered to follow their line of reasoning, but because we have come to the conclusion that it leads to a dead end. Nations need more than clever lawyers and well-informed journalists to keep them going. They need credible ideologies. Canada's has died, and no amount of redistributing power among its various levels of government can bring it to life again. We have been demythologized.

It happened in the last 25 years. When I first came here in the late fifties Canadians knew very well who they were supposed to be. They were British. The national flag contained a Union Jack; the armed forces wore British-style uniforms; grade-school children learned by heart the names of the Royal Family, and being a British subject automatically entitled you to vote in Canadian elections.

But nowhere was there a more obvious old-country glint than in the eyes of fifties intellectuals. In books with such titles as *Dominion of the North, The Kingdom of Canada,* and *The North Atlantic Triangle* they placed Canada's past firmly in an imperial perspective. Their thesis was that Canada had attained nationhood not by breaking with the British Empire but by imitating it. Canada, they argued, was a UK on the St. Lawrence; its founding fathers were the Loyalists who fought for George III during the American Revolution and later fled north to escape the horrors of republicanism. Thanks to them a new British North America arose beside the ashes of the old one, "the very image and transcript," as its first governor boasted, "of the British Monarchy." The law calling this frontier Albion into existence provided for an Established Church and a hereditary peerage. Fifties historians regarded it as having been deservedly entitled "The Canada Act."

Being British, however, did not mean being committed to political reaction. Even the Loyalists, as the late W.L. Morton, author of *The Kingdom of Canada,* claims, were Tories only by force of circumstance. He calls them "unreconstructed North Americans" and asserts that they favored representative institutions every bit as strongly as did the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Where they differed with Jefferson's party was over the question of legitimacy. To them rebellion in the name of popular sovereignty was unjustifiable; they wanted to go on living in a North American way, but under British institutions. So they moved to Canada.

And in Morton's view they could not have hit on a wiser destination. Morton not only documented the Loyalist Tradition; he belonged to it. Like the Loyalists, he took for granted the inherent benevolence of the British system of government. At Westminster the struggle for freedom was over; ignorance, stupidity, even wickedness might triumph there for a season, but never permanently. However deeply England slept, one day she would wake up again; 1984 was a physical impossibility. As Morton saw it, what the Loyalists opted for in choosing to stay British was ideological stability. In rejecting the overtures and later resisting the armies of the Continental Congress they had escaped the whole sterile argument over whether a particular course of legislative action enhanced or violated certain enumerated rights. At Ottawa the only right worth bothering about was the right to govern. Canadians, enjoying as they did what their imperial birth certificate, the British North America Act of 1867, calls "a constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom," could assign to their Queen "by and with the Advice of the Senate and the House of Commons" exclusive power to "make laws for the Peace, Order and good Government of Canada" without so much as raising a civil libertarian eyebrow. Under the British dispensation, Morton felt, Queens and Parliaments knew their business; authority, far from being the enemy of freedom, was its precondition.

It was all a question of escaping the written-constitution syndrome. Morton points out that the Crown is Canada's equivalent of "We, the People . . ." For Canadians, in other words, the authority to govern comes from the authority which governs. We are prosecuted by Crown Attorneys, investigated by Royal Commissions; we funnel our political grievances through Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition.

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Who shall guard the guardians? Why, the guardians themselves, of course, in the name of the British parliamentary system. The great advantage which scholars such as Morton saw in this arrangement was its flexibility. The United States, said Northrop Frye, is trapped in an eighteenth-century trance. Canada, being British, can move with the times; precedent for political change comes not from the interpretations which ivory-towered judges place on 200-year-old documents, but from the latest development in cabinet procedure at Westminster. Through Canada's connection with Britain she had access to what Chester Martin, a constitutional historian from the Morton era, called "a teeming laboratory of constructive statesmanship."

But what the Mortons and Martins liked best about the Anglo-Canadian system was the way in which it facilitated government action. Canadians can get things done "Britishly." A cabinet decree issued while we were still at peace in August 1939, invoking a law passed by the federal parliament in 1914, empowered Ottawa to control the price of automobiles throughout the Second World War; another such executive order, this time issued without reference to previous legislation, sent 15,000 Canadians into combat in France when the specific conditions under which they had enlisted included a government undertaking that they would not be sent overseas. It is no surprise that John Kenneth Galbraith cut his academic teeth in Canada. The Canadian intellectual world is a statist's paradise. In the land of the ordered free even taboos come under parliamentary jurisdiction. We literally legislate morality; a 1968 Liberal Party majority at Ottawa, with what then Justice Minister Pierre Trudeau, for want of a better title, called "The Omnibus Bill," amended the Canadian Criminal Code to allow legal abortion, homosexuality, and gambling.

Neo-Loyalists such as Morton never tired of contrasting the efficiency of constitutional monarchy with the cumbersomeness of the American congressional system, and their favorite example of this difference was the history of the West. Above the 49th Parallel Indians were pacified, whiskey traders put down, railways chartered, and administrative structures set up *before* the arrival of settlement; below it the settlers had to contend by themselves with wilderness living, as well as with their own anarchic natures. In Canada's West order came out of the barrel of a Mountie's revolver; in America's it depended on lynch mobs and vigilantes. Having ended Custer's Last Stand, the Sioux Chief, Sitting Bull, moved to Canada where, still anointed with war paint, he tamely submitted while Major James Walsh of the North West Mounted Police rode into his camp with six companions to procure the return of stolen horses. According to the Anglophile school of western mythologists, Sitting Bull and his compatriots put themselves peacefully under Ottawa's jurisdiction because they knew in their hearts that the Great White Squaw in whose name Ottawa did business meant well.

And so did French Canadians. It was a leading fifties assumption that they too liked the Union Jack better than the Stars and Stripes. During the War of 1812, as every schoolboy once knew, they even fought for it, Quebec Militia having stood shoulder to shoulder with Redcoats at the Battle of Chateauguay in 1813, less than sixty years after they had been ranged against each other on the Plains of Abraham outside Quebec. Nor was this closing of ranks by the conquered with their conquerors a result simply of blind obedience. Fifties historiography insisted that the coming of British rule to the St. Lawrence Valley created a true community of interests among its inhabitants. Canadianism began here. Loyalists and Quebeckers might look back on different pasts; they might speak different languages and practice different religions, but *ideologically* they were on the same wavelength; both were social conservatives; both equated revolution with treason; both were what Arthur Lower, another Morton contemporary, called Canadians in the making. What Lower saw the British Empire providing them with was a medium through which to express their likemindedness. French Catholics joined English Protestants in giving it their allegiance because a government committed to hierarchy and kingship suited them better than one dedicated to liberty and equality. They felt more at home in the Province of Quebec than they would have done in the State of Louisiana. The last cannon shot in defense of British rule in North America, to borrow a quotation much favored by first-year history lecturers and givers of papers at national unity conferences twenty years ago, was indeed destined to be fired by a French Canadian.

History, moreover, or at least history as it was written by the above-mentioned lecturers and paper-givers, proved that French Canadians could not have deployed their artillery more sensibliy. British Canada gave them what, in the nature of things, the United States could not: an officially recognized collective existence. Their Frenchness and Catholicity are guaranteed by imperial statute. Thomas Jefferson might rail all he liked at George III for "abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighbouring province," but the inhabitants of the neighboring province in question blessed that king for having done so, even naming their sons after him. The Quebec Act of 1774, for which Jefferson had such harsh words, was their cultural *Magna Carta*. It emancipated Canadian Catholics over half a century before a similar happy fate befell their coreligionists in Britain. Thanks, moreover, to the precedent it established, provincial governments in Canada to this day have exclusive jurisdiction over property, civil rights, and education. Federally ordered school busing is a Canadian impossibility, and so is the issuing of federal injunctions against school prayer. Some years back Quebec's provincial legislature legally placed a crucifix behind the Speaker's chair, and more recently the highest court in Canada has upheld the legality of a Quebec law closing all but French-speaking public schools to the children of immigrants from foreign countries as well as from other Canadian provinces. No wonder *Te Deums* were sung, so argued Lower and his contemporaries, in Quebec churches on the occasion of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar.

But according to Last-Cannon-Shot theorists British rule in North America did more than just provide Canadians with a focus for national loyalty; it refined them. In the pre-Third-World fifties (ah, blessed

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thought!) it was still possible to talk with a straight face about Britain's civilizing mission, and no faces were straighter than those of Canadian academics. The most influential among them having got their doctorates either in Britain or from Britons, they took for granted that Anglo-centricity was an intellectual virtue. The British Community of Nations was their own ideological turf, one international grouping into which the United States could not follow them, and they used to like nothing better than to make scholarly pilgrimages to the Institute of Commonwealth Studies at Duke University in North Carolina, where they would discourse on Britain's role as a Third Force or talk portentously about the need to heal the rift among English-speaking peoples caused by the American Revolution.

Oxford was their Athens. Americans, to use the title of a 1968 book contributed to *en masse* by Canadian pundits, were the New Romans—powerful, practical in a limited sort of way, but unpolished, possessing know-how but lacking *savoir faire*. Their ambassadors misspelled proper names; their Aid Programs sent tractors to lands ploughable only by water buffalo and installed electric-razor outlets in facilities designed for use only by Sikhs. Such lapses were the penalty for having turned their backs on Europe. By staying British, Canada had stayed enlightened. The New Romans themselves admitted as much by making their annual push northwards to our Stratford Shakespearean Festival, listening clandestinely to the Voice of Britain in America as heard through the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and enrolling in droves at such institutions of higher learning as Massey College, Toronto, where gowns are worn and port circulates in the best Oxford manner.

Being British meant above all being able to see the wider implication of things. Marshall McLuhan with his vision of a global village was typically Canadian; so was Lester B. Pearson, who studied at St. John's College, Oxford, began his public career in the Canadian High Commissioner's Office in London, and later won a Nobel Peace Prize for his work at the United Nations in defusing the Suez Crisis of 1956. Cosmopolitanism came naturally to Canadians. At graduate school one of the first things we learned to show a proper scholarly condescension toward was Turner's Frontier Thesis. Poor old Frederick Jackson! He tried to explain North American history solely in terms of North America, arguing that the Frontier, not Europe, had shaped the American psyche. Hadn't he heard of Canada, where the very last thing the average pioneer wanted was frontier democracy? Didn't he know that Canadians, far from shunning old-world loyalties, positively revel in them, so much so, in fact, that Northrop Frye calls us a garrison society?

There was no point, however, in blaming Turner for his terrible simplifications. He suffered the misfortune of coming from an isolationist tradition. Born a hundred miles further north, he would have had access to a world culture; he might even have got accepted at St. John's; at least he would never have been foolish enough to conclude that history is a North American affair. As a Canadian he would have had a mind that necessarily moved along international lines. The victory of Loyalism, so fifties mythology asserted, not only gave Canadians a separate existence in North America; it kept them in touch with the world at large.

Thus spake Anglo-Canadian liberals of the last generation. They took their inspiration from Oxford and Westminster. Whether true or false, their picture of Canada as a manifestation of British world culture in North America was at least a coherent one. It served as the basis for a workable national mythology.

Then came the debunking sixties. Canadians spent the decade in an orgy of throwing out British models. First to go were the Royal Canadian Navy and the Royal Canadian Air Force. In 1964 they were amalgamated with the army, ordered into green commissionaire-style uniforms, and given the all-purpose label, the Canadian Armed Forces. A year later, after a few months of acrimonious debate, the Union Jack went, being replaced by a red, white, and not-blue maple-leaf flag. In what was one of the last loyalist stirrings in Canada, an irate Conservative opponent of the new flag asked why, after we had been following a cross since the Crusades, we should now have to turn around and follow a leaf, but no one took up his challenge. Then, one day the government quietly dropped "Dominion" from its vocabulary (despite the fact that the British North American Act expressly designates us "One Dominion under the name of Canada"); July 1st became Canada Day, and we were left in Orwellian doubt as to whether there ever had been a Dominion Day. By 1978, what with prime ministers beginning to replace the Queen on banknotes and miniature Canadian flags beside the words "Canada Post Postes Canada" appearing on mail boxes, the de-Britishing of Canada had reached the point where as acute and well-briefed an observer as William Safire could describe us as "a parliamentary republic."

Like all liturgical revolutions Canada's developed a momentum of its own. Fading images quickly lose their credibility, and as the pace of change quickened, so did the need for it come to seem more obvious. In 1953, one of Canada's most influential journalists wrote an essay called "The Real Meaning of the Crown" in which he argued that the British system is ideally suited to a politically and culturally divided society such as Canada. Twenty years later Canada's largest newspaper, the *Toronto Star,* described the Queen as a foreign ruler and wondered how much longer Canadians, a majority of whom now came from countries outside the British Isles, would go on accepting her as their head of state. Thenceforth it was pro-monarchists who were out of the intellectual mainstream. When in the late sixties and early seventies, for example, John Diefenbaker began rightly pointing out that the Trudeau policy of transferring royal prerogatives from the Queen to her trans-Atlantic stand-in, the Governor-General, was closet republicanism, the media depicted him as a man with a royalist obsession. Today the task of publicly defending the real meaning of the Crown has largely devolved on the Canadian League of Monarchists, a doughty band of old believers centered in Montreal who publish a newsletter, keep a media watch, and are Her Majesty's best gift to talk-show moderators and letters-column editors.

Meanwhile, a new un-British version of

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Canadian history is in the making. Out of the seminar-room window have gone *Dominion of the North, The Kingdom of Canada,* and *North Atlantic Triangle.* The old arguments that Canada is a beneficiary of British rule no longer hold water. Britain, it now appears, was no better than any other imperialist power; what chiefly distinguished her was the slickness of her propaganda, peace, order, and good government being simply a cover-up for colonial exploitation. The revised standard edition of Canadian history is nowhere more clearly reflected than in the two volumes of Robin Martin's 1972 history of British Columbia, *The Rush For Spoils* and *Pillars of Profit.* Martin has government and big business join hands in looting the natural resources and destroying the indigenous culture of unoffending pre-industrial North America. The book's ideological tone is set by a quotation from Rousseau's *Discourse on the Origins of Inequality* used as a heading for the first chapter: "The Poets tell us it was gold and silver, but for the philosophers it was iron and corn which first civilized man and ruined humanity." To Morton's generation Rousseau was anathema, equality a false American god, and the uniqueness of the British system consisted in its capacity both to civilize man *and* to save humanity.

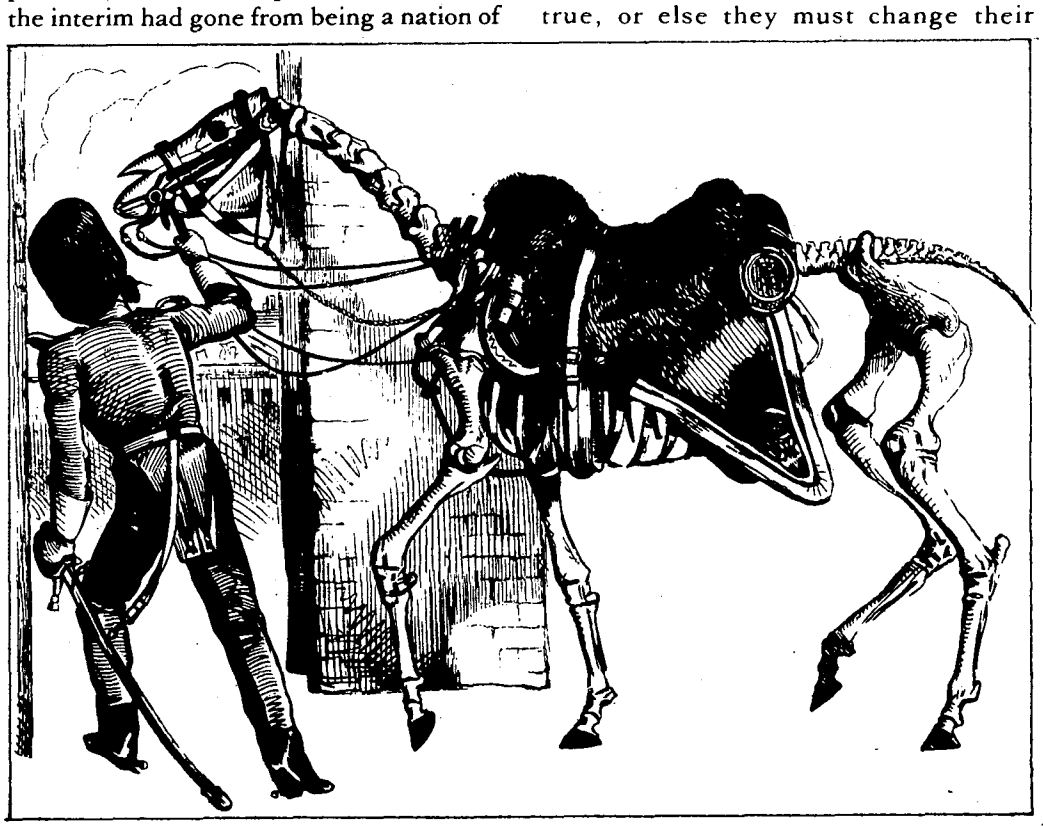
Inevitably the new history recasts empire-builders as imperialists. A 1973 study of Canada's national police force called characteristically *An Unauthorized History of the R.C.M.P.* (it has quickly found its way to the shelves of every university and college library in the country) refers to the erstwhile heroes of the Canadian West as "instruments of racist . . . and class oppression." The Mounties, it argues, were "A crucial part in the conscious scheme by which powerful economic and political interests destroyed the economy and way of life of entire peoples and wrested a vast territory from its inhabitants for a pittance." The degree to which the unauthorized has become the authorized may be gauged not just from the rising popularity in Canadian Studies circles of such platitudinous prairie Marxism, but from the fact that the Mounties themselves are currently under investigation for wrongdoing. It used to be popularly claimed that a Mountie always gets his man; now what he always seems to get is his innocent victim of police brutality. Major Walsh has been publicly stripped of his buttons.

Like the West, Quebec too has been moved by the new national mythologists from being a beneficiary to being a victim of British rule. Until around 1960 the ideological Children of Light in Quebec were federalists; the Anglo-Canadian system was looked upon not only as a guarantee of Quebec's collective rights, but also as a countervailing force to nativist extremism; separatists in those Britannic days were billed as Catholic reactionaries, and in the late thirties the *Canadian Forum, L'Osservatore Romano* of enlightened Canadianism, actually berated Ottawa for not calling out the army to protect innocent Montrealers from priest-led separatist demonstrators. Then came the Quiet Revolution of the 1960s; Catholic power in Quebec committed suicide, and separatism by going Marxist went respectable. CBC documentaries about "Quebec on the March" were no longer complete without footage of Roman Catholic statuary being reduced to rubble, or be-jeaned students burning Union Jacks, while a chapter on "The Decolonizing of Quebec" became required writing for college history text authors.

But the most remarkable expression of the changed attitude among Canadian intellectuals towards separatism was their response to the FLQ crisis of October 1970. Sympathy for FLQ aims if not for their methods is a theme that runs through the literature generated by that crisis. It is the Ottawa authorities who are perceived to have overreacted. Whether or not Trudeau did exercise more than minimum force—when, political kidnapping and murder having taken place, he called out the army and invoked the War Measures Act—cannot be known for certain until all the facts come out. Certainly, however, his action was popular with Canadian voters, particularly voters who, since October 1970, have steadily supported his party, and even intellectuals, despite all their talk of bleeding hearts and bleeding country, were as much pro-separatist as they were anti-interventionist. By contrast, Tommy Douglas, a leader of the federal left-wing opposition, complained that the government had used "a sledgehammer to crush a peanut." Douglas, had he been speaking 30 years earlier about right-wing nationalists, would have used a different metaphor. He would have been like his predecessors at the *Canadian Forum,* pro-British and anti-separatist. Canada in the interim had gone from being a nation of enlightened counter-revolutionaries to being a colony of oppressed subject peoples. FLQ terrorists were simply over-enthusiastic patriots.

And finally, even the Britishness of the Stratford Festival has come under attack. When in the middle fifties Sir Tyrone Guthrie and his merrie troupe of Old Vickers were brought over at public expense to put on Shakespeare in a small Ontario railway town that happened to be called Stratford, the consensus was that it was the best thing that had happened to Canadian culture since Rhodes scholarships. No longer. In 1980, for the first time in the Festival's history, public criticism was leveled against the Board of Governors for appointing a British director. The argument was that a home-grown director could do as good a job, if not a better one. In 1980 choosing a Brit had come to symptomize the worst sort of colonial-mindedness. The Actors' Union threatened strike action, and in the end Ottawa got into the act by refusing to grant the old-country candidate a visa on the grounds that the Board had failed to make an adequate search for a Canadian. Talk about crushing peanuts with sledgehammers. The Board had no option but to cave in. They have now appointed a non-British Canadian and next year, no doubt, we can look forward to a production of *Hamlet* in parkas.

So has the idea of Canada been divorced from that of Britain. Perhaps it was inevitable. With the Suez Crisis of 1956, Canadians, like the rest of the world, could see that Britain as an international power no longer mattered. On dune and headland sank the fire; we watched it happening. Nationalism is above all an ideology of hope; nationalists must have some reason for believing that their dreams will come true, or else they must change their



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dreams. For a few years after 1956 the pilgrimages to Duke continued, and John Diefenbaker went on shaking his jowls in favor of the Commonwealth, but even he was realist enough in 1958 to sign the North American Air Defense Agreement. Like the rest of us he knew that it was time for Canadians to start following a non-British star, even though as things now stand it is extremely unlikely that the last guided missile in defense of United States rule in North America will be launched by a Canadian.

Why, then, has this necessary adaptation to a changing global reality proved so disastrous? Because it has been presided over by doctrinaire leftists such as Trudeau and Levesque who have succeeded in identifying their particular brand of statism with Canada's emerging nationhood. To be a good Quebecker you used to have to go to Mass on Sundays; today you must believe in the virtue of government-run auto insurance. To be a good Canadian it used to be necessary to salute the Union Jack; today one has to pay comparable homage to Petro-Canada, and even Joe Clark's Conservative administration did not dare to tamper with the state-owned oil company. As for advancing the valid claim that the sort of public-sector empire-building that Ottawa and Quebec City are currently going in for is a prime cause of inflation: in today's intellectual climate it would be tantamount to treason. Enemies of the Left are *per se* enemies of the new Canada. The fact that leftism is by all accounts the most discredited of world ideologies sufficiently explains the current mood of disillusionment with constitutional reform.

The sad fact is that Canadian neo-Conservatives have no Ronald Reagan to vote for, and no prospect of finding one. In Trudeau's Canada, where the only Britishism to survive is a predisposition in favor of government intervention, we are resident aliens. □

Ralph McInerny

WAUGH AT PEACE

Any writer who can make Dickens an instrument of torture has more than talent.

When Tito finally died, following his limbs into limbo or worse, and the predictable prepared appreciations appeared on page and screen, I considered it a sure sign of God's mercy that He had not permitted Evelyn Waugh to live into these dark days. Josip Broz and Yugoslavia are oddly central to Waugh's ultimate assessment of World War II and the peace that followed it.

In 1953, Tito came on a state visit to England, and Waugh mounted a campaign of protest, one sample of which is to be found in Donat Gallagher's collection of his journalism.* Waugh felt that "an imposture was being attempted on the British public by representing Tito as a gallant ally when in fact he had been a treacherous enemy and as a liberal statesman when he was in fact a doctrinaire Marxist persecuting the Church in a way of which the general public was kept ignorant." The imposture proved all too successful both in Britain and the United States. The reverent tone with which telecasters sent Tito on the way to his Particular Judgment suggested that this butcher had been one of the architects of victory in World War II. Waugh might have been depressed by this but I doubt that he would have been surprised.

Gilbert Pinfold, the hero of Waugh's most autobiographical fiction, is thus put before the reader: "There was a phrase popular at the time, 'It is later than you think.' It was never later than Gilbert Pinfold thought." Dismayed by Welfare State England, Waugh had thought of moving to Ireland, but in the end decided o stay in his native land when he realized life could be tolerable there if he pretended he was a tourist.

Waugh, who once said that *all* fates are worse than death, was regarded in his lifetime as a disgruntled curmudgeon, an eccentric who flourished an ear trumpet at table, as one who dearly loved a lord and was nostalgic for a time when nobles led lives of extravagant waste while the vast majority of the citizenry was consigned to grubby oblivion. This simplification of the man has shown up quite often in reviews of the diaries and, more recently, the letters.† That Waugh had contempt for politicians is certainly true but it did not approach Belloc's who had sat twice in Parliament. Waugh might hope for the success of the Conservative Party, but he did not vote. "I do not aspire to advise my Sovereign in her choice of servants." The confiscatory taxes of the Socialist State enraged him but he did not, as so many English authors did, escape taxation by going abroad, there to pay lip service to the "progress" being made at home. The standard whereby Waugh judged the modern world will be missed by anyone who does not take his Catholicism seriously.

Evelyn Waugh's debut as a writer did not suggest that he meant himself to be taken seriously on any score. His first novel, *Decline and Fall* (1928) was a lovely *jeu d'esprit* which owed more to P.G. Wodehouse than to Gibbon. From the start there was the masterly command of

A Little Order, Little Brown, 1981, $12.95, "Our Guest of Dishonour," pp. 131-3.

†*The Letters of Evelyn Waugh*, edited by Mark Amory, Ticknor & Fields, $25.00.

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language. This passage from *Scoop* (1938) not only is illustrative of style but also gives us something of a self-portrait.

> While still a young man, John Courteney Boot had, as his publisher proclaimed, "achieved an assured and enviable position in contemporary letters." His novels sold fifteen thousand copies in their first year and were read by the people whose opinion John Boot respected. Between novels he kept his name sweet in intellectual circles with unprofitable but modish works on history and travel. His signed first editions sometimes changed hands at a shilling or two above their original price. He had published eight books (beginning with a life of Rimbaud written when he was eighteen, and concluding, at the moment, with *Waste of Time,* a studiously modest description of some harrowing months among the Patagonian Indians), of which most people who lunched with Lady Metroland could remember the names of three or four.

Vile Bodies (1930), *Black Mischief* (1932), along with *Decline and Fall* and *Scoop,* made Waugh's name as a novelist, but it was the sort of name Scott Fitzgerald made with *This Side of Paradise:* chronicler of the new generation of Young People, antinomian, gay, irresponsible. A reader could be forgiven for thinking that Waugh was one of his own characters and that the frothy surface of his novels summed up his own outlook on the world. It is true that their titles are suggestively odd as well as funny, but they could easily be interpreted as ironic.

Like his creation Boot, Waugh had published a biography—of Dante Gabriel Rosseti—as well as travel books. His fourth novel, published in 1934, took its title, *A Handful of Dust,* from T.S. Eliot and revealed a bit of skull beneath the grin. Ronald Firbank and P.G. Wodehouse had never done that and it became possible to suppose that Waugh was engaged in something other than mere diversion. The chapter entitled "Du Coté De Chez Todd," in which the hero Tony Last is condemned to read and reread the works of Dickens (as whom this chapter is as funny), causes a *frisson* as well as laughter:

> One day, running his thumb through the pages of *Bleak House* that remained to be read, Tony said, "We still have a lot to get through. I hope I shall be able to finish it before I go."
>
> "Oh yes," said Mr. Todd. "Do not disturb yourself about that. You will have time to finish it, my friend."

A writer who can make Dickens an instrument of torture has more than talent. After *Bleak House,* Tony goes on to read for his demanding host *Dombey and Son, Martin Chuzzlewit, Nicholas Nickleby, Little Dorrit,* and *Oliver Twist.* The chapter ends with Todd saying, "Let us read *Little Dorrit* again. There are passages in that book I can never hear without the temptation to weep."

Brideshead Revisited (1945), written during the war, was the first book of Waugh's I read and I was surprised to find, in the *Letters,* that he considered it less than a success. This was not the case while he was writing it, as the letters of the time attest. It may be that the estimate of some whose opinion he valued proved contagious. Perhaps Waugh would have revised his opinion again. Graham Greene revised his. He says, in *Ways of Escape* (with its moving memoir of his friendship with Waugh), that a rereading of *Brideshead* convinced him it was Waugh's best novel. Surely the prologue is one of the most successful things Waugh ever wrote and the novel, save for a few lapses into luxuriant self-indulgence, holds to the promise of its prologue. A bit of wartime nostalgia? Merely a backward look at a lost peace, gone alas like our youth too soon? Don't you believe it.

Brideshead Revisited is Waugh's first Catholic novel and his characters are not members of the "Old Catholic" families but rather, like himself, converts. Christopher Sykes, in his biography of Waugh, makes the interesting point that by taking religion seriously in a novel set in England, Waugh opened the way for others, Greene and Iris Murdoch among them. Waugh's prefatory remark to the final version of his war trilogy, *Sword of Honour* (1962) is pertinent here.

> On reading the book I realized that I had done something quite outside my original intention. I had written an obituary of the Roman Catholic Church in England as it had existed for many centuries. All the rites and most of the opinions here described are already obsolete. When I wrote *Brideshead Revisited* I was consciously writing an obituary of the doomed English upper class. It never occurred to me, writing *Sword of Honour,* that the Church was susceptible to change. I was wrong and I have seen a superficial revolution in what then seemed permanent. Despite the faith of many of the characters, *Sword of Honour* was not specifically a religious book. Recent developments have made it, in fact, a document of Catholic usage of my youth.

The trilogy can be called, if not a religious, a political novel, though its political outlook is inevitably shaped by the faith of its author and of many of its characters. Guy Crouchback, the hero, goes off to war with the sense that, like his ancestors, he is embarking on a crusade, that the powers of light are on one side and the powers of darkness on the other. A just war, then, and one worth fighting. The novel records the death of that illusion and the emergence of Waugh's conception of the postwar world.

Stationed in Yugoslavia toward the end of the war, Waugh saw Allied policy favor the Tito who had betrayed his own countrymen and, so soon as the Russians invaded, fled the Allies to join forces with his Kremlin masters. The fact that, at this time, Waugh lived in daily association with Randolph Churchill, a long-time friend/enemy, gave him an objective correlative for what he felt was the British desertion of a just cause to do business with types whose hands were as bloody as the original enemy's. Guy Crouchback, who had gone off to what he considered a just war, came to think that the struggle had turned into one between two indistinguishable gangs of louts.

One of the great gathering symbols of the war trilogy is the Sword of Honour, a great weapon redolent of chivalry, product of a national subscription, and enshrined in Westminster Cathedral as England's tribute to the people of Stalingrad. Long lines formed to pass by this monument to confusion. Now that we know that Stalin was at least the equal oppressor with the Nazis during that historic siege, the irony is even sharper. A struggle that had commenced as a crusade against fascism and developed into a questionable alliance with Stalin against Hitler, ended by romanticizing and systematically upgrading the role of the Russians until the aim of the war seemed to be to further the ends of Communist Russia. No wonder that Waugh reacted as he did to Tito's state visit to Great Britain which, in his mind, consolidated the confusion and made a mockery of the war to which he had gone off as a middle-aged crusader.

It was without any doubt Waugh's Catholic religion which enabled him to see the tragedy World War II became and, if it was that same faith which provoked his criticisms of postwar society, it would be tragically wrong to think that he was motivated by mere nostalgia for a lost social order. Like his attractively inept hero Scott-King, the classics professor caught up in contrived celebration in a police state, Waugh believed that it was all but sinful to prepare the young in such a way that they would fit into the modern world. But any reader who can liken *Scott-King's Modern Europe* with *Goodbye Mister Chips* needs punishment rather than instruction. →

An American House of Lords

Surely on an informal basis it does exist. We know that there is a breed of American men who bring everything they touch to ruin, yet continue to rise in the esteem of their fellows and in the preferment of an unaccountably grateful nation. *The American Spectator* says these fellows constitute an American peerage and urges that they be accorded all the rights and privileges of same. This month, for his services as Special Representative of the President for Law of the Sea Conference, as Secretary of HEW, Defense, and Commerce, and Attorney General, and as a trustee of the Brookline (Mass.) Public Library, *The American Spectator* identifies and honors *Elliot Richardson* as one of these remarkable men.

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Waugh's attitude toward the United States involved a goodly measure of the usual English loftiness. In the *Letters,* his references to the American who married his eldest daughter and to those Americans who arrived at his door with all the bumptious naiveté of the New World, presuming on his willingness to devote unscheduled hours to titillating them, make for wild entertainment. Nonetheless, among the pieces collected in *A Little Order* is an important essay entitled "The American Epoch in the Catholic Church." Waugh felt that the United States would exercise an increasing importance in Church affairs and he argued that this was all to the good. He was concerned to show that Americanism is something quite different from what many in Europe and Asia dread. All in all, it is a surprisingly rosy picture Waugh paints of a future of American hegemony within the Church. He did note, somewhat wryly, that American prelates "speak as though they believed that representative, majority government were of divine institution."

In the end, his religion proved to be as testing for Waugh as his citizenship. He was appalled by Vatican Council II and especially by the liturgical changes it effected. His mild amusement at American prelates would have altered to something darker if he had lived to hear the romanticization of the Left, the seeming partiality for Marxist-inspired sedition in South and Central America, and spokesmen for the American bishops speaking of guerillas in El Salvador much as British politicians had once spoken of Tito's partisans.

Would Waugh have taken some comfort from the rise of Margaret Thatcher and of Ronald Reagan? Perhaps. As it was, he seems to have been fully ready to depart this Vale of Tears when, on April 10, 1966, Easter Sunday, returned from Mass and Communion, he suffered a heart attack and died. May he rest in the peace no war disturbs and earthly victory does not bring. □

Matei Calinescu

MARXISM'S DISORIENTED DESPOTISM

Rumors of the death of Marxism have been greatly understated.

"Marxism has been the greatest fantasy of our century," writes Leszek Kolakowski in the concluding part of his long, absorbing, and highly provocative history of Marxist thought.* Earlier in his life, the author himself was no stranger to that fantasy. Born in 1927, Kolakowski was one of the most active Marxist intellectuals in postwar Poland where, after a brief period of participation in the Stalinist ideological campaigns of the late 1940s and early 1950s, he became an outspoken advocate of radical de-Stalinization and democratic socialism. An increasingly prominent and controversial "revisionist" Marxist, Kolakowski saw the unorthodox periodical *Po Prostu* (of which he was one of the editors) suppressed as early as 1957, just one year after Gomulka came to power. Through the 1960s, while the Gomulka regime was breaking one after the other the promises that it had originally made, Kolakowski came under repeated official attack and in 1968 was expelled from the Communist Party and dismissed from his professorship at Warsaw University. After having written the first volume of *Main Currents of Marxism* in Poland, during the "leisure time" between 1968-1970, Kolakowski emigrated to England where, as a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, he completed the second and third volumes between 1970-1976.

Today Kolakowski is no longer a Marxist, but unlike the ex-Communists of an earlier generation (whose disillusionment is recorded in Richard Crossman's famous book *The God That Failed*), he is not an anti-Marxist either. For how can one be an anti-Marxist when Marxism, both philosophically and ideologically (as Kolakowski's book clearly suggests), is dead? Would it not be rather quixotic to be an anti-Marxist today? Even the sharpest critique of Marxism must reflect an awareness of the plain fact that what is being criticized has become a historical phenomenon, a thing of the past, in spite of any claims to the contrary (all such claims ringing increasingly hollow). That is why I prefer to characterize Kolakowski's general perspective as "post-Marxist," as a perspective in which the polemical "anti," remaining as sharp as ever, is definitely subsumed by the self-consciously historical "post."

Main Currents of Marxism, then, is the history of both a great fantasy and a painful awakening. The fantasy, Kolakowski explains in the "Epilogue," grew out of a combination of philosophical beliefs (the doctrine of progress in its dialectical Hegelian version) with apocalyptic and Messianic prophecies, on the basis of a mythology of "science" and "scientific truth" which was, paradoxically, "responsible for the anti-scientific and anti-intellectual features of Marxism in its particular guise as the ideology of Communism." The dogmatically inclined philosophy of Marx misconstrued the scientism of the nineteenth century as a road to a new kind of infallibility (when, on the contrary, the genuine distinguishing feature of the scientific mind is what C.S. Peirce saw as its fully self-aware "fallibilism"); hence, the "absurd" notion of "scientific socialism"—"absurd because the means of attaining an end may be scientific but not the choice of the end itself," as Kolakowski puts it.

Although a "fantasy," "a caricature and a bogus form of religion," Marxism was not devoid of a certain "rational content." With the intellectual detachment of a post-Marxist, Kolakowski is willing to look for the valid strands of a theory "enunciated . . . in extreme, dogmatic, and unacceptable forms." Thus, "Marxism as an interpretation of past history must be

*Leszek Kolakowski, *Main Currents of Marxism: Its Rise, Growth, and Dissolution,* trans. from the Polish by P.S. Falla (Oxford University Press, 1978); volume I, "The Founders"; volume II, "The Golden Age"; volume III, "The Breakdown."

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distinguished from Marxism as a political ideology." Once this is done, it becomes possible to "recognize, within limits, the validity of historical materialism," without conceding that to do so is "tantamount to acknowledging the truth of Marxism." From this point of view, even the absurdly exaggerated form in which Marxism was expounded may have been justified, at least as a rhetorical strategy. Kolakowski writes: "If [Marx's] views had been hedged around with all the restrictions and reservations that are usual in rational thought, they would have had less influence. . . . As it was, and as often happens with humanistic theories, the element of absurdity was effective in transmitting their rational content."

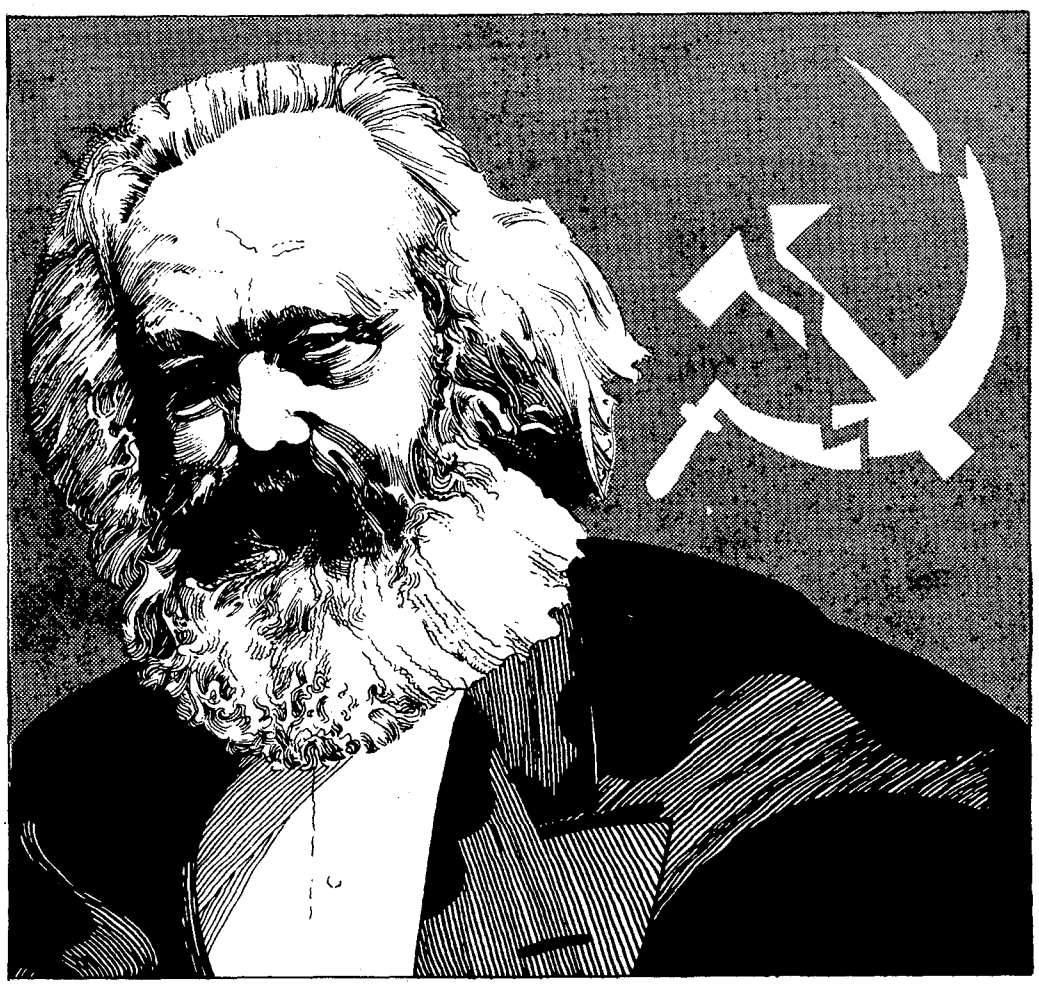
Unfortunately, Kolakowski only partially acknowleges that this theoretical (as opposed to rhetorical) "strength of Marxism" was not without its (practical, moral, political) dangers. Unlike the thought of a Freud or a Watson, the theoretical and political sides of Marxism were not always as easily separated as Kolakowski seems to believe from his post-Marxist vantage point. The Marxist interpretation of past history was at the same time a sharply polemical attempt at demystification, with potentially immediate consequences for the understanding of the present: If all the values of the past were mere "ideological" illusions, so were their contemporaneous forms. The strong appeal of Marxism in the not-too-distant past finds at least a partial explanation in the notion of "moral inversion," advanced by Michael Polanyi in his 1958 book, *Personal Knowledge: Towards a Post-Critical Philosophy*. "Moral inversion" is a process by which people can satisfy their fundamental moral passions not only through immoral means (which, when used for the "good cause," become suddenly "moral") but also through the more sophisticated critical debunking of all the traditional moral values ("goodness," "compassion," "humanism" are mere "ideological" tools of manipulation in the hands of the bourgeoisie, fundaments of the basic "moral hypocrisy" of capitalism). Polanyi writes:

> Why should so contradictory a doctrine [i.e. Marxism] carry such supreme convincing power? The answer is, I believe, that it enables the modern mind, tortured by moral self-doubt, to indulge its moral passions in terms which also satisfy its passion for ruthless objectivity. Marxism, through its philosophy of 'dialectical materialism', conjures away the contradiction between the high moral dynamism of our age and our stern critical passion which demands that we see human affairs objectively. . . . These antinomies, which make the liberal mind stagger and fumble, are the joy and strength of Marxism: for the more inordinate our moral aspirations and the more completely amoral our objectivist outlook, the more powerful is a combination in which these contradictory principles mutually reinforce each other.

In bringing up the question of "moral inversion" I do not want to imply that Kolakowski's more serene attempt to assess the legacy of Marxism is historically unjustified. When Polanyi wrote his book, many people (including Kolakowski himself) still believed in some form of Marxism (whether "humanist" or "antihumanist," whether "revisionist" or "orthodox"). In the last five years, as a consequence of new currents of European intellectual life, Marxism has ceased to function not only as an "explanatory system" but also as a system of utopian beliefs and hopes. A few years ago, echoing the famous Nietzschean pronouncement of the "death of God," a former French *gauchiste* intellectual published a book entitled, aptly but at the same time somewhat ridiculously, *Marx est mort*. As Kolakowski observes with greater sobriety, "Contemporary Marxist literature, although plentiful in quantity, has a depressing air of sterility and helplessness, insofar as it is not purely historical."

The entire Marxist "fantasy"—theory, morality, and vision—has been steadily dissolving throughout the last several decades, in spite of the Stalinist attempt to "freeze" it. The death of Marxism—the explicit theme of the third volume of Kolakowski's study—is illustrated by the fact that, "At present," as the author points out, "Marxism neither interprets the world nor changes it: it is merely a repetition of slogans . . . " And this is so because, "Wherever Communism is in power, the ruling class transforms it into an ideology whose real sources are nationalism, racism, or imperialism. Communism has done much to strengthen nationalist ideologies by using them to seize power or hold on to it, and in this way has produced its own gravediggers. . . . " One need only look to recent events in Kolakowski's native Poland for evidence that a Communist regime that bases its power exclusively on mendacity and corruption, and is unable to generate any positive beliefs within its own ranks, let alone the ranks of the people, will eventually be met with a "revolution of common sense."

From his broad post-Marxist perspective, Kolakowski has been led to adopt in his account of Marxism the age-old and well-tested rise/fall or growth/decline structuring device. Both philosophically and politically, Marxism is considered, as the subtitle of the book indicates, in "Its Rise, Growth, and Dissolution." The intellectual flexibility of Marxism, verging quite often on sheer incoherence (but we all know that dogmatism and incoherence are not incompatible), is thus given a sort of "narrative" cohesion and continuity, with that particular mixture of predictable and unpredictable developments indispensable to any narrative worth telling. And Kolakowski's impressively learned book convinces us that the "story" of Marxism is not only worth telling, but is one of the major "stories" of modern intellectual and political history. The real characters are, obviously, ideas (ideas of great consequence, sometimes positive but more often, especially as we approach the period of "The Breakdown" of Marxism, immensely tragic) and the special quality of intellectual "suspense" that sustains



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the reading of the study comes from the ever-frustrated expectation of "getting a handle" on these ideas, by way of reliable, clear-cut definitions. Yet they consistently elude definition: In fact their "story" is in large part the story of such elusiveness. Nietzsche once observed that "all concepts in which an entire process is semiotically concentrated elude definition; only that which has no history is definable." Insofar as Marxism has a history it is or has become undefinable. What today we perceive as its essentially contradictory nature was perhaps not so much its initial condition as the outcome of a history widespread in influence and rich in controversy. Thus, although, the basic precepts of Marxism were not all that "undefined" or "undefinable" in the beginning, since then whatever clarity of meaning they might have had has been *lost* in the course of their history, and irretrievably so.

This of course does not mean that a historian of Marxism is forbidden to choose a preferred "interpretation" of Marx. Kolakowski has chosen one—basically that of the young George Lukács—but he uses it more as a "working hypothesis" than as a means to convey a deep-rooted personal conviction. "My reading of Marx," Kolakowski writes in the "Preface" to the first volume, "was influenced more by Lukacs than by other commentators, though I am far from sharing his attitude toward the doctrine." In adopting a Lukácsian perspective on Marx (a perspective which, among other things, stresses the sharp differences between Marx and Engels' theory of the "dialectic of nature," between the Marxian epistemology of praxis and Engels' "technical interpretation of knowledge," and between the revolutionary eschatology of Marx and Engels' belief in "infinite progression"), Kolakowski does not adhere to it any more than is necessary to establish a plausible frame of reference for expository-historical purposes. Certainly, from such a point of view Lenin, who appears as the "ideologist of totalitarianism," and later on Stalin, with his rigid codification of "Marxism-Leninism," represent a "radical departure" from Marx, and in many respects from Engels as well. The historian of ideas is clearly entitled to deplore such ideological betrayals or gross misunderstandings, whatever their practical purposes and self-rationalizations. But to speak consistently of "ideological betrayals" of an original doctrine the historian must perhaps make a stronger commitment to his own interpretation of the matters about which he is writing than is implied by the largely "narrative" commitment that Kolakowski has been willing to make. Hence, a certain wavering in the author's attitude toward the Marxist legacy: At times he speaks, as I have pointed out, of the "radical departure" of Leninist-Stalinist ideology from original Marxism; at other times, while noting that "it would be absurd to maintain that Marxism was, so to speak, the efficient cause of present-day Communism," he determinedly states that "Communism is not a mere 'degeneration' of Marxism but a possible interpretation and even a well-founded one, though primitive and partial in some respects." But how can a "radical departure" from the basic tenets of a doctrine constitute at the same time not merely a possible but even a "well-founded" interpretation of it?

When, toward the end of his life, Marx declared half-jestingly, half-arrogantly, "I, at least, am not a Marxist," his intention might have been simply to dismiss what he perceived as gross misinterpretations of his doctrine by some of his followers. But in light of the enormous subsequent influence of Marxism, his striking statement raises the intriguing, and for a movement of contending orthodoxies, the crucial, question of "the Marxism of Marx" (the very title, incidentally, of a book published in 1972 by the British Marxist John Lewis). Was Marx a Marxist after all—and in what sense? Is there such a thing as a *correct* interpretation of Marx and how are we to decide about its correctness? What kinds of guidelines or criteria of interpretation does Marx himself provide for his reader? And, if Marx's work lends itself to several interpretations, all of them equally valid even when they are mutually exclusive (a point of view apparently espoused by Kolakowski), the question still lingers: Which interpretations are invalid, clearly inadequate, or unwarranted?

But maybe such questions are ultimately futile, since Marx himself did not seem to worry too much about the dangers of misinterpretation. Essentially, he was convinced that the misunderstanding or exaggeration of his ideas could not do them any significant damage, since the collapse of capitalism and its replacement by socialism were matters of historical necessity, as unavoidable as the effects of any natural law. The possibility that socialism might fail, or remain an empty word, apparently never troubled Marx.

If misinterpretation or misapplication do not make any difference, then Marx himself must be held (symbolically) responsible for the failure of his "scientific" prophecy and for the consequences of that failure. Like Kolakowski, I do not believe that Marxism has been the "efficient cause" of Communism or, for that matter, of any historical development that has used or abused the banner of Marxism. Something, though, must have been wrong in the thought of Marx. Leaving aside the built-in mystical self-assurance of the doctrine, its dogmatic refusal to admit of scientific "fallibilism," its inability to make any room for "possibilistic" thinking (which has been, since Aristotle, the hallmark of all serious political philosophy), Marx turns out to have been plainly wrong in the central ideological assumption of his system, namely, that the collective owner-

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ship of the means of production would naturally lead to a non-exploitative, classless society. Marx saw political power and social power relations within society as mere *expressions* of economic power and "relations of production" (among which property relations occupy a major place). Once the capitalist relations of production are changed—by violent or, under certain circumstances, peaceful revolution—a Communist society will eventually result; political conflicts, which are only economic conflicts in disguise, will totally disappear.

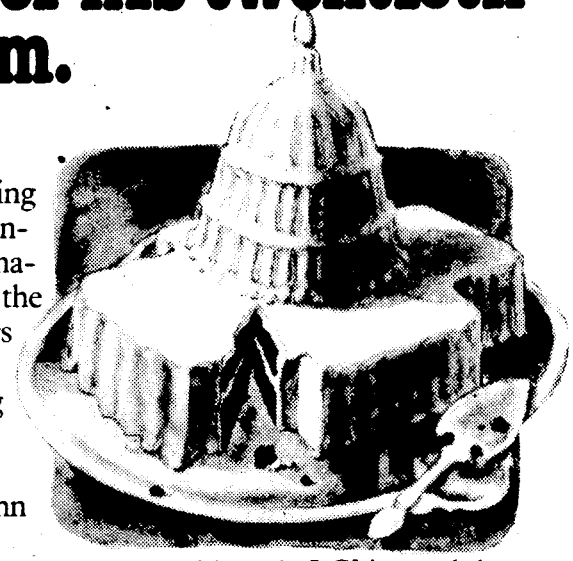
The dangerously naive Marxian view of power was criticized as long ago as the 1870s by Marx's anarchist opponent, Michael Bakunin, who foresaw with uncanny lucidity the unavoidable emergence of a "new class" of rulers within a Marxian socialist society. The "people's state" (or, more precisely, the "dictatorship of the proletariat"), advanced by the Marxists as the necessary form of transition from capitalism to socialism, was to Bakunin a contradiction in terms—a "fiction," and "for the proletariat a dangerous pitfall." And Bakunin went on to write in his *Statism and Anarchism* (1873) that the "people's state" would be nothing but "the rule of great masses of people by a small privileged minority." The Marxist response to that criticism is known: The state would eventually "wither away," and even before that final "withering away," the new proletarian-dominated society would see the transformation of the political character of older forms of authority into "the simple administrative functions of watching over the true interests of society" (Engels).

But who defines the "true interests" of society? And does not the mere power to define these interests (a power that remains both unchecked and uncheckable within the Marxist scheme) confer certain obvious advantages upon those who wield it? Both Marx and Engels, and then the Bolsheviks—from Lenin to Stalin to Trotsky—have simply ignored or refused to consider the possibility of the formation of a "new class" within a society in which the means of production are collectively owned. Kolakowski discusses the question at length in his remarkable analysis of Trotsky's contribution to Marxism and usefully reminds the reader that Trotsky, even during his exile, failed to see Stalinistic dictatorship as the advent of a "new class" in a "classless society" and thus was blind to the central flaw of Marxism. Instead, Trotsky preferred to speak of the appearance of a "political bureaucracy," a bureaucracy which had "arrested" the Russian Revolution halfway, and which one day would be destroyed as the Revolution completed its inexorable course; according to the Trotskyite euphemism, the Russian Revolution is just an "unfinished revolution" and by no means a failed or, worse, a false one.

The plain fact is that Marx, with his economically reductionist view of power, was unable to see power as a separate problem, and was therefore unable to foresee that in his collectivist system *power would become an end in itself.* Lord Acton's famous dictum, "power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely," is as valid as ever in today's Communist world. Instead of socialism, what has been achieved in the name of Marxism is a modern version of what Marx identified as the "Asiatic mode of production," or simply "Oriental despotism." The modern twist is provided by the clearly recognizable and increasingly numerous elements of fascism (if we define fascism as the overt cult of naked power, of a power that neither seeks nor claims to seek "legitimacy" outside or beyond itself) evident in Communist systems.

Whether or not one wishes to pronounce Marxism dead, the fact remains that as praxis it has been remarkably stagnant since the Russian Revolution. Socially, it is as riddled by power relationships as the Oriental despotism of 2,000 years ago. And morally, Marxism's vaunted demystification of all values has given way to a rigid formula of social prescriptions which, because they are amoral of their own design, possess none of the ambiguity and therefore versatility of Western moral codes. It is thus understandable that Marxist regimes feel compelled to seek surreptitiously their nourishment in more vibrant ideologies—nationalism, imperialism, and racism. But they are no less Marxist for doing so, because it is the glaring failure of Marxism itself which compels them to do it. It is for this reason that the question of whether the Soviet Union is essentially Marxist or a nationalist perversion of Marxism, bent on the destruction of capitalism or simply world domination, poses unnecessary dichotomies. □

Senator Wimbol was just sworn in for his twentieth 6-year term.



Although this occasion passed unremarked, the Senator *does* plan something of a splash for the bicentennial—*his* bicentennial. Senator Wimbol is just one of the unlikely characters (others include George Smiley, Elizabeth Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher Burton Burton Warner, and Spiro Agnew) who populate John Nollson's Washington, a surrealistic landscape where Eric Sevareid reads *I Ching* and the Ku Klux Klan wears designer sheets. "At last the truth about Washington has been told...Mr. Nollson is wonderful," says Muriel Dobbin, *Baltimore Sun.* "Skewers the nation's capital and its denizens...bright and literate fun."—*Publishers Weekly.*

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THE UNITED STATES TAKES A DIVE

by S. Fred Singer

The UN Conference on the Law of the Sea was reconvened yet again in March. At stake is control over the extraction of minerals from the deep seabed—a resource of great economic and strategic value.

The strength of the U.S. position derives from American technical preeminence. U.S. engineering and capital, with taxpayer support, have made it possible to mine minerals lying 15,000 feet beneath the surface of the sea. But because of misplaced concern that such mining somehow constitutes exploitation of Third World countries, the political strength of the U.S. position in these negotiations has eroded steadily since their inception in 1973. If U.S. negotiators sign the present draft agreement, control of ocean mining will pass to an international body composed of the same countries which now control the UN General Assembly. At the very least, the new administration needs time to study the implications of various possible responses. Secretary Haig recognized this need in his order of early March that the United States delay the conclusion of the negotiations.

• • •

Maritime agreements go back centuries and probably longer. But only since Grotius, about 350 years ago, did the idea take hold that freedom of navigation would benefit all nations, including landlocked ones, without harming any. But this principle of the public good does not generally hold for natural resources. For example, fish taken by one group is not available to others, and so international fishing rights have been continually disputed. Despite the differences between navigation, fishing, and other maritime activities, in the late 1960s there appeared support for the concept of a single umbrella agreement under United Nations auspices which would cover all uses of the ocean. The White House—concerned with winding down the Vietnam conflict—supported this approach, over objections from the government departments more directly concerned with the long-run use of ocean resources. The result was the UN Law of the Sea Conference, involving some 150 countries, many of which have no outlet to the ocean. Since 1973, the conference has met for nine lengthy sessions. A Draft Convention has now been prepared, although it remains an "informal text."

Unfortunately, what should have been clear at the outset of the UN Law of the Sea Conference—that the ocean as a geographic location does not yield to a single management regime—was not. What is appropriate to coastal fisheries is not at all appropriate to high seas fisheries, or to the control of pollution, or to navigation, deep sea mining, and research. The various uses of the ocean are so different, and so complex, that it is futile to try to encompass them within any single international treaty. True, such a treaty would give comfort to those who believe that fundamental conflicts can be postponed by negotiation, and therefore the process itself acquires a certain usefulness. There are also those who believe that international agreements *per se* are worthwhile simply because the making of international agreements promotes the general purpose of international peace.

In my view, these advantages are illusory. The long-term interests of the United States and of the world would be better served if the different uses of the ocean were to be dealt with separately. We should rely on existing agreements where we can and reach new agreements where necessary, rather than aim for one comprehensive agreement which requires compromises in one area in order to serve the needs of another.

The existing agreements are, in almost all cases, more than adequate. Where amendments are needed, they can be taken up by separate conferences, thus de-coupling the various ocean applications from each other. For example, the commonly accepted international practice of freedom of navigation for all shipping on the high seas, and the right of innocent passage through territorial waters, should certainly be continued. The full weight of world opinion can be brought to bear on any country which asserts extraterritorial rights of navigation, especially in internationally recognized ocean passages. Since the Soviet Union and many European countries depend heavily on traffic through such passages as the Bosporus, Gibraltar, and the English Channel, these states are unlikely to allow any country to set a precedent which could affect them adversely in the future.

Another worldwide concern is the burgeoning pollution of the ocean, which like navigation, is an international issue, affecting fisheries, with local repercussions—for example, the oil pollution of beaches. Thus, for many years a number of international arrangements have been employed to protect the ocean against oil pollution, against the indiscriminate dumping of waste materials, and especially against radioactivity and toxic materials. Such arrangements, which are now administered for the United States by the Coast Guard, can be readily extended or adapted as new and different pollution problems arise. Coastal states will probably want to control ocean dumping off their own shores, and to this end, we in the United States have moved unilaterally to limit our own ocean dumping, without benefit of any international treaty.

In the case of scientific research there exists a similar worldwide in-

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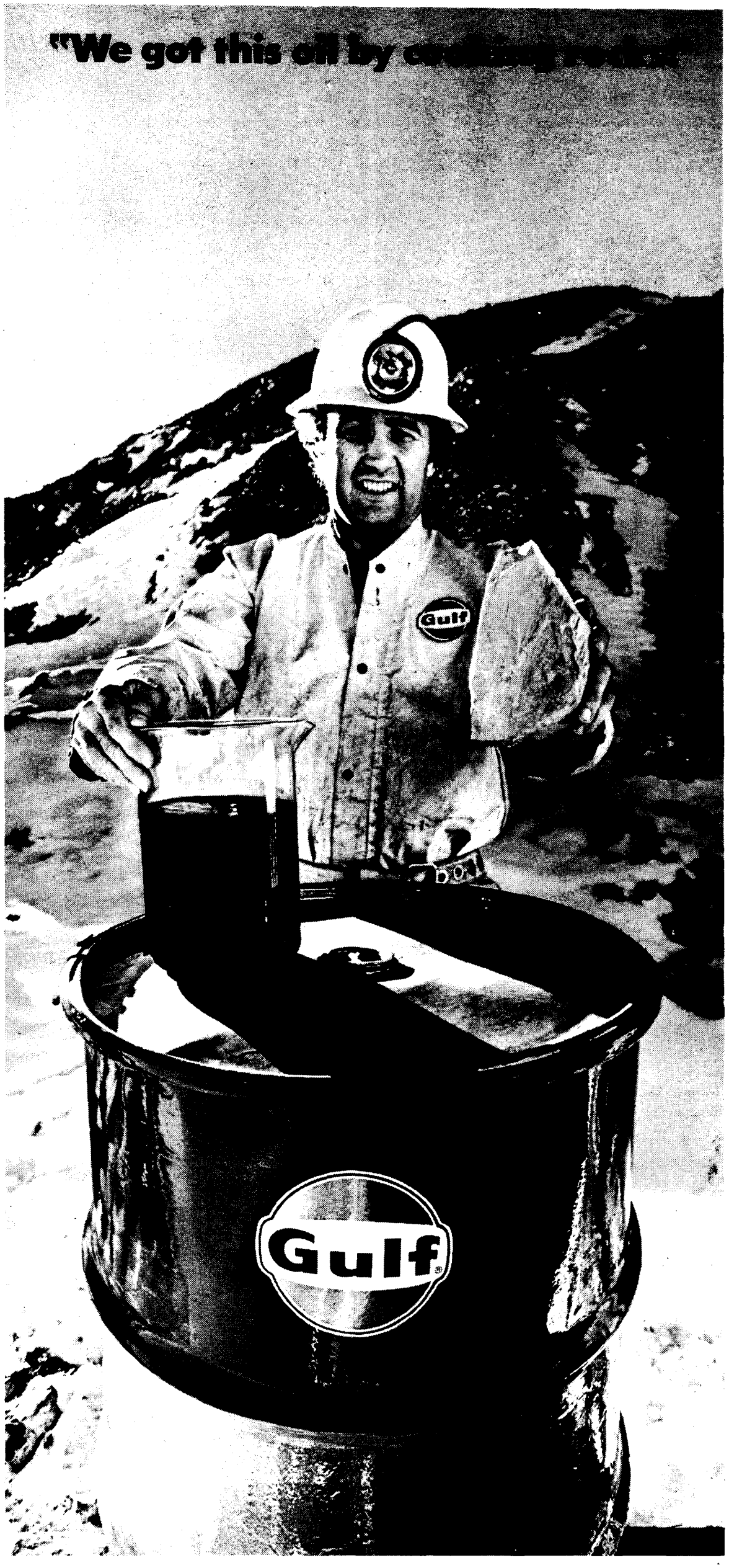

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"The liquid is shale oil. The rock is oil shale."

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terest. Some concern does arise from the perception that scientific research can lead to direct resource applications, be they fisheries, oil, or deep sea minerals, and that the country best equipped to carry out research will be the most likely to obtain commercial advantage from this capability. It would seem that this concern does not represent an insurmountable problem. Perhaps the easiest way to handle it is by cooperative research agreements which would mandate the inclusion in the research enterprise of the research vessels, research facilities, or research scientists of the country on whose continental shelf the research is being conducted. Alternatively, and perhaps in addition, the raw data and the final evaluative reports should be made available to that country. It has been my experience that these problems seem insurmountable only in the international law sessions and seldom pose much difficulty for practicing scientists. In any case, there is every reason to handle such negotiations through the long-established nongovernmental channels. For example, the International Council of Scientific Unions (ICSU) through its Scientific Committee on Ocean Research (SCOR) can and does arrange cooperative research ventures.

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The most difficult problems arise from the actual exploitation of resources, be they living or mineral. The management of ocean fisheries is an immensely complicated international issue, both from a scientific and legal point of view, for the twin reasons that fish are mobile and that they reproduce. In principle, the world fishery resource is renewable, and thus not fully exploited in many places, but because in practice fish are a "common property" resource, it is to every fisherman's advantage to catch as much as possible. If every fisherman were to do this, overfishing would result and the reproduction rate would diminish—to the detriment of all concerned. And in fact, the world fish catch peaked during the last decade; it may now even be declining because of the overfishing facilitated by increasingly sophisticated fishing vessels, on-board refrigeration, and factory ships. The coastal nations have responded to this diminution in the annual catch by declaring a 200-nautical-mile limit or a similar "economic zone" in which they claim ownership rights. The U.S. Congress has joined what is most likely an irreversible trend in fisheries management. Thus, there is the purely scientific problem of deciding what is the best amount of fish to catch each year so as to extract the greatest possible yield from a particular fishery. And the second problem is how to arrive at an agreement that is equitable to all who wish to fish.

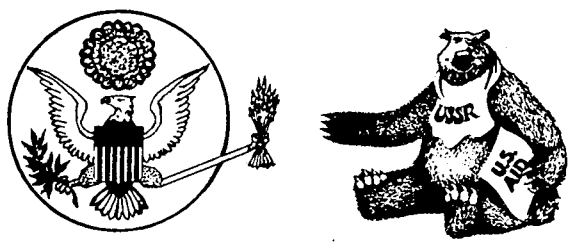
The scientific and political problems may be resolved by an economic approach: Each coastal nation should rent to the highest bidder the fishing rights it now claims, charging perhaps an entry fee as well as some kind of severance tax based on how much is actually taken. The coastal state would then derive an annual income no matter who is fishing its resources, and it would have an incentive to refrain from the arbitrary exclusion of foreign fishermen, as well as an incentive to manage the resource properly by seeing to it that it is not overfished. Problems would still arise from those fisheries which cross the boundary between adjacent coastal states, from anadromous fish, such as salmon, which can be caught in the far ocean or near estuaries, to pelagic fish beyond the 200-mile limit which cannot be claimed by any nation. In the latter case the right to manage the resource could be auctioned off to the highest bidder among nations for a period long enough to provide the incentive necessary to manage the resource properly. Alternatively, in some instances conservation may be more effectively aided by the establishment of "protected areas," wherein no nation would have a right to fish.

It would therefore appear that, under the prevailing regime of fisheries management—that grabbag of unilateral actions, bilateral agreements, depoliticized collaboration, and potential single-issue global accords—the stewardship of world fish resources is in good hands. And, if different concerns under the rubric of "fisheries" are best handled without a single "fisheries agreement," then it can scarcely be denied that concerns as diverse as fisheries, and, say, mining would not be well served by a single law of the sea agreement. Indeed, it would seem that the logic of the fisheries regime—that separate issues within it ought to be treated separately, and in many cases ought to be left well enough alone—would apply to many other ocean issues.

Take the case of ocean mining. The extraction of sand and gravel forms the largest amount of ocean mining, and it is an activity bereft of international controversy. The extraction of oil and gas provides the highest return in ocean mining, yet it too is an activity bereft of international controversy simply because it is a gradual extension of onshore oil and gas drilling to the continental shelves of the coastal nations. It is not likely that oil and gas will be found in any commercial quantities beyond the continental shelves, that is, on the deep ocean between the continents. Of course, there can be disputes over international boundaries on the continental shelf itself, but such controversy has in the past been settled bilaterally or multilaterally among the nations concerned. (A good example is the amicable accord with which the North Sea has been divided among the nations which border it.) It is unnecessary for the UN Conference to be involved in such local matters, and it is futile and pointless to attempt to formulate principles which can be made to apply to all jurisdictional disputes.

The greatest disaccord in ocean mining is ranged around the matter of seabed minerals lying on the ocean bottom beyond the narrow continental shelves. They consist mainly of manganese nodules containing small quantities of copper, nickel, and cobalt. The amounts available are huge; in fact, these resources are virtually inexhaustible.

The argument as developed thus far suggests that the question of collecting minerals lying on the deep seabed can be handled quite apart from any other international ocean discussions. There may be no need to handle the matter at all. So far as I can tell, the presently agreed-to legal regime—the 1958 Geneva Convention—gives adequate authority to any nation to do anything within its technical capability on the seabed beyond its continental shelf. Moreover, the U.S. Department of the Interior has for some time now leased oil drilling rights beyond the 200-meter depth limit, which legally defines the continental shelf. Thus, although the Geneva Convention was drawn up at a time when there was little expectation that the technical capability to mine beyond the 200-meter depth limit would be developed, there nevertheless is no reason to enact any new agreement. The mineral resource simply is so plentiful and so widely available in different parts of the world that there should be no conflict for many decades to come. Ocean mining is in a situation similar to that of world fisheries when fishermen only had small sailboats rather



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than motorized factory ships. The magnitude of the resource is such that it far exceeds any foreseeable capability of exploiting it.

With all of this in mind we can examine the weaknesses of the major proposals for the control of ocean mining which have been made at the Law of the Sea Conference. As one might have expected of proposals elicited at an international conference, they all involve the establishment of a new international Authority to carry out or to control the mining—the former in competition with private interests. Presumably, this international Authority would receive its financing and technology from the developed nations, particularly from the United States.

Ironically, these proposals fall short on the very grounds upon which they are advanced—efficiency and equity. The case of ocean mining is exemplary of the superior efficiency and greater equity which results from the absence of an international regime for ocean resources. Private companies, mostly American ones, have made the great financial investments necessary to exploit ocean mineral resources. Great investments have also been made by the U.S. taxpayer, who has supported government-financed development of ocean technology. Equity would be impaired if American companies and taxpayers were to be denied a return on their investment. At the same time, participation in ocean mining is now open to any individual or to any nation that wishes to buy shares of stock in those companies which are preparing ocean-mining projects. Anyone in the world can partake of possible future profits from ocean mining as long as he is willing to share some of the risks as well, and this seems to me a fair proposition. In fact, some of the major risks of ocean mining have already been settled, so that today's investor would not be paying the full cost.

One reason why private investors are not rushing out to put their money into ocean mining is that the vast mineral resources of the ocean do not automatically produce vast profits. On the contrary, if the cost of mining is greater than the value of the minerals, this obviously is a recipe for vast losses. No one in fact can be sure at this stage about the actual cost of mining, nor about the future price of the minerals. There is always competition from low-cost ores from conventional mines. There is always the possibility that new discoveries will be made onshore in areas of the world that have not been explored. There is also the possibility that the demand for manganese, copper, nickel, or cobalt may decrease in the future because of some change in technology.

Nevertheless, it is true that Third World demands for equity are not simply pleas for equality of opportunity; they are requests for aid and a redistribution of resources. As a principle such requests deserve hearings, not as a matter of right, but simply because the humanitarian concerns of the American people require a generosity of spirit toward the people, if not the governments, of the Third World. In practice, however, there are a limited number of efficient methods of fulfilling them, and an umbrella agreement on the redistribution of ocean resources is not one of them. Only a "hands off" regime will provide maximum play for market efficiency. Ocean mining will compete effectively with land mining, to the benefit of the consumer worldwide who uses products made of copper or steel which require manganese or nickel. Moreover,

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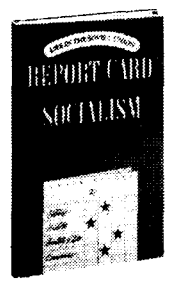

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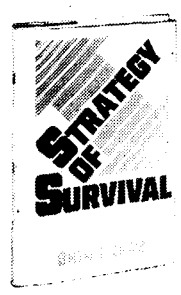

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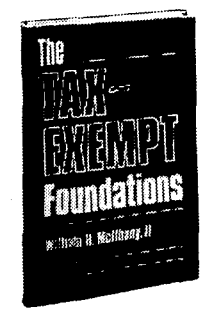

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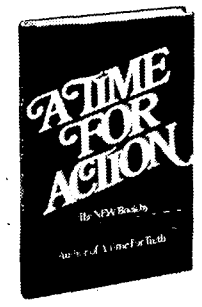

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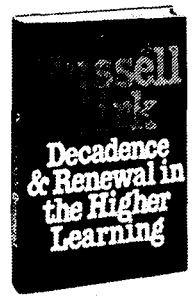

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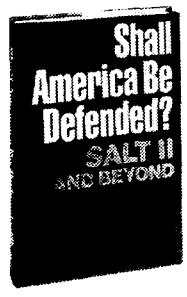

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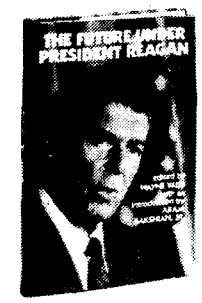

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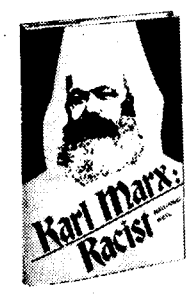

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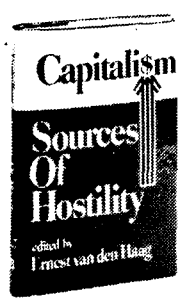

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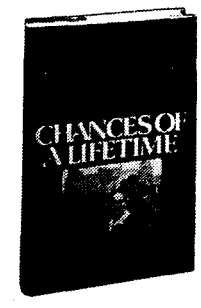

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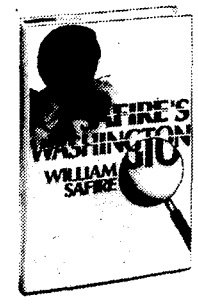

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those one or two countries which currently hold a quasi-monopoly in the production of these metals may be forced to lower their prices—again to the benefit of consumers. It is always in the best interest of the world as a whole if the lowest cost resource is exploited first and the higher cost resources later. As far as one can tell, however, setting up a UN agency for ocean mining would be a costly venture all by itself and would probably soak up any profits it might generate. More likely, it would be controlled by those who may find it in their monopoly interests to delay or even abandon ocean mining.

There is a final perspective, beyond efficiency, equity, and even need, from which we in the United States must look at the matter of ocean mining: national security. In 1979, according to the Bureau of Mines, the United States imported 98 percent of its manganese, 94 percent of its cobalt, and 73 percent of its nickel. If we do not develop ocean resources, we will leave ourselves open to the possibility of future metal cartels, every bit as threatening as OPEC. If we become dependent for our vital metals on countries which might want to dictate to us our foreign policy, or set up cartels to collect monopoly profits, we would be imperiled and so would the rest of the world. A free ocean regime is not only beneficial for growth, it is a necessity for survival. □

THE TALKIES

OF *AUTEURS* AND COLLABORATORS

by John Podhoretz

In a splendid little movie called *Eyewitness*, a murder mystery is made untidy by its characters, who simply refuse to act like model suspects, witnesses, investigators, and murderers. Darryl, the protagonist, is a janitor in a New York City office building where a murder takes place. Although to avoid suspicion he hides the fact that he was accidentally the first to come upon the body, he really knows nothing about it. However, he does hint to a beautiful television newswoman, Toni Sokolow, that he might know more than he is telling, because he wants to see her again; he has developed a terrific crush on her from watching her perform on the evening news. "I really like you," he says when she tries to interview him on camera; "Cut," she replies, turning towards her cameraman. Darryl's friend from Vietnam and fellow janitor, Aldo, would appear to be the main suspect, but he invests most of his energy trying to convince Darryl to marry his sister, Linda, rather than trying to come up with a convincing alibi. And the two police detectives assigned to the case have their minds on other matters: One has a son named Bernie who is a great disappointment, while the other has been so far unsuccessful in producing a child.

This is hardly the *dramatis personae* one expects of a murder mystery. First of all, there is no detective. Darryl is concerned only with strengthening his tenuous relationship with the newswoman, and with protecting Aldo. Toni, who wants a "scoop" on the case, cares less and less about it as she grows more interested in Darryl. The detectives do follow Aldo around dogedly, but to little purpose; "When he was a little boy Aldo must have wanted to grow up to be a suspect," one says wearily, but they can pin nothing on him. Second, no one really seems much interested in solving the case. The victim was a Vietnamese, the director of a trading company who peddled information to every conceivable side during the Vietnam War and still maintains suspicious contacts within the Soviet Union. All parties think him contemptible, and better off dead, even; besides which, they have to go on living, have to go to work and deal with family and friends. In fact, the only one at all concerned is the murderer himself, who gets the mistaken impression that Darryl really does know something, and must therefore be dispatched as well. He himself is no ordinary murderer; he has not killed Nyguen Long for avaricious or passionate reasons, but in the name of a good cause.

What is most interesting about *Eyewitness*, however, is not how good it is, but how it serves as another convincing demonstration of the falseness of the all-pervasive *auteur* theory. The *auteur* theory, developed in France in the early fifties and imported to this country by Andrew Sarris, film critic of the *Village Voice*, argues that the director of a movie is its "author," in the same way that a novelist is the author of his novel. A screenwriter contributes the words, the actors recite the screenwriter's words and go through the paces of the plot, but their contributions are, in fact, negligible. Something much more profound is going on; it is the director's personal vision we are *really* seeing on the screen. The true meaning of a film thus cannot be found on its surface. Rather, we can find it in the tension between what the film seems to be saying and what the director is truly saying. The director makes his intentions clear in many ways: in the ways he stages the action, places the camera, emphasizes the "visuals" over the sound-

John Podhoretz is editor of Counterpoint *and film critic of* The American Spectator.

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track, etc. In the most seemingly trivial of movies, therefore, we can find the most serious and meaningful statements, if we but use the *auteur* theory to plumb their depths. With the theory, for example, we can discover that Alfred Hitchcock, nominally "the master of suspense," was really the cinema's Conrad, and comparable to Conrad in stature.

This was not simply another academic theory, however, for the *auteur*ists intended to legitimize the cinema by means of it. The cinema was not, as Robert Warshow averred, "the bastard child of art," but was as great an art form as the older, more established arts. For if its seemingly minor films—those suspense films of Hitchcock, the gangster movies of Howard Hawks, and the Westerns of John Ford—were art of a high order, then clearly the potential of the cinema was limitless.

And in the twenty years since Sarris first began publishing *auteur*ist criticism, the *auteur* theory has conquered Hollywood. (This was only to be expected, of course; is there any industry which does not claim that it exists not to make money but to serve mankind?) Directors have become the most powerful people in the movie industry, to the extent that Michael Cimino, the Oscar-winning director of *The Deer Hunter*, was allowed to spend almost $40 million on a film called *Heaven's Gate* in which few people had any faith and with a screenplay everyone in Hollywood agreed was mediocre at best. More important, Francis Ford Coppola and George Lucas, the directors of, respectively, *Apocalypse Now* and *Star Wars*, have sought to ensure the director's lasting control over the industry by each buying a movie studio.

In this atmosphere, the role of the screenwriter has necessarily been much belittled. But it is impossible to belittle the contribution of Steve Tesich to *Eyewitness*. Tesich has written a superb screenplay, neither too talky nor too laconic. Its plot is convoluted and interesting, and it has all those fully realized, slightly larger than life characters, complete with personal obsessions, difficulties, kindnesses, and loves. Peter Yates, the director, has had the taste and intelligence to serve the screenplay—he does not distract the audience with obtrusive visual business, and he places the actors cleanly within the frame, so that one can always see their lips moving (something *auteur*ist directors often fail to do, mainly to disastrous effect). In addition, Yates and Tesich have cast the movie impeccably: Each actor is good (especially William Hurt as Darryl and James Woods as Aldo), each does exactly what is required of him, and none is allowed to chew on the scenery.

A movie like *Eyewitness* reminds us that moderation is a virtue to be pursued not only in life but in the making of entertainments as well. Its tone is consistent, its photography is not distractingly beautiful, and the music is used sparingly. It has much the same quality as *Breaking Away*, the first Tesich-Yates film: It is not a statement, but a story, and its characters are not personifications of modern anxiety but are, almost recognizably, people. When a good director and a good screenwriter work together so well, it only proves that a movie cannot have one without the other: Fiery *mise en scène* will not substitute for strong writing, and strong writing is not enough without a director who knows what to do with it. A good movie has no one author. It is instead a collaborative effort. The results of such a collaboration cannot, by nature, be art, but can be successful entertainment, which is something almost as welcome. □

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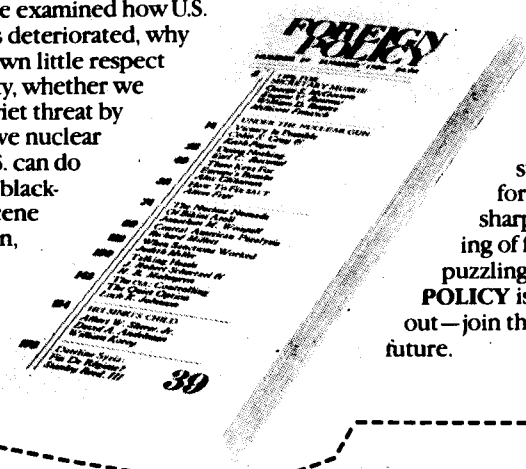

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HARVARD HYPHENATES AMERICA

by Stephen Miller

In 1782 Hector St. John de Crevecoeur asked: "What then is the American, this new man?" During the past 15 years, numerous writers have rephrased the question. What then, they ask, is the Afro-American, the Jewish-American, the Italian-American? The rise of the so-called "new ethnicity" not only has given us the hyphenated American, it has also changed the landscape of American politics and culture—to what extent and to what effect it is not yet clear. Should the new ethnicity be welcomed as a long overdue recognition of man's need for roots—his need for a community smaller than the state but larger than his family—or should it be attacked as a divisive and illiberal force, one that makes civic discord more likely?

To pose the question in this way is certainly to simplify what the editors of the *Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups** call "the immensely complex phenomenon" of ethnicity. Twenty years ago no one would have dreamed of concocting an encyclopedia along these lines, for ethnic studies existed on the fringes of academic respectability. With this volume, ethnic studies—or, more accurately, the politics and sociology of ethnic groups—have come of age.

Wanting to be academically respectable, the editors of the *Encyclopedia* perhaps protest too much that their approach has been scholarly and judicious. They stress their neutrality: "ethnicity, whether good or bad, has been and remains important in the American social fabric." They spurn the dogma of ethnic mystique: "A scholar does not have to be black to write about Afro-Americans . . . or Polish to write about Poles." And they warn the reader to be alert "to biases characteristic of the ethnic literature"—biases, presumably, that even exist in the 106 articles the *Encyclopedia* devotes to particular ethnic groups, from Acadians to Zoroastrians.

Moreover, as if to make it clear that the *Encyclopedia* should not be regarded merely as a celebration of ethnicity, the editors have interlaced among the 106 entries 29 thematic essays in which historians, sociologists, and political theorists wrestle with the notion of ethnicity and ponder the effect ethnic groups have had on American politics and culture. These thematic essays vary greatly in quality, but they are a welcome inclusion because they generally ask the reader to think about ethnicity as a problematical political and social phenomenon. They act as a centripetal force against the centrifugal pull of the essays on particular ethnic groups.

Ethnicity, of course, is a serious business, for the story of American immigration has often been a story of prejudice and discrimination. And the story of blacks and American Indians constitutes a tragic subplot to the main story. Nevertheless, we should not become so preoccupied with the dark and ugly moments of ethnic relations in America that we lose sight of the obvious: America has assimilated an extraordinary variety of ethnic groups. As the editors put it: "The capacity of the United States to absorb so many different people and to forge binding ties among them is . . . incredible."

The variety is astonishing. The *Encyclopedia* has entries on Albanians, Assyrians, Bosnian Muslims, Cape Verdeans, Copts, Cossacks, Frisians, Kurds, Maltese, Manx, Tatars, and Turkestanis—to name only some of the more exotic ethnic groups that have found their way to the United States. A most fanciful entry is the one on the Wends, a Slavic ethnic group from what is now East Germany. The Wends—a.k.a. the Lusatian Sorbs (they speak Sorbian)—immigrated to central Texas and Sterling, Nebraska in the mid-nineteenth century. We learn, among other things, that the Wendish poet Mato Kossyk "visited the Sterling group in the 1880s and communicated with them in Sorbian. But by now awareness of the Wendish heritage of some Sterling families is only a dim memory in the minds of a few of the old people." I hope no one of Wendish descent will be offended if I say that the entry—full of odd and arresting details about the customs of the Wends—seems as if it were written by Vladimir Nabokov: a haunting and amusing fairy tale rather than a sober historical account.

Perhaps the most curious entry is entitled Tri-Racial Isolates, a catch-all term for some 200 small, isolated groups apparently of combined white, black, and American Indian ancestry who live mainly in swamps or inaccessible mountain valleys in the eastern United States. Known by colorful names—the Jackson Whites, the Brass Ankles, the Red Bones, the Melungeons, the Black Dutch, the Bushwhackers—these strange groups are usually poor and uneducated and are frequently regarded by their neighbors as pariahs. Their existence is shrouded in mystery, for no one knows how they formed in the first place or how they have maintained their cohesiveness over the years. (Kinship ties are sometimes traced to a mythical progenitor.)

The enigma of these outcasts suggests a more general problem: What exactly is an ethnic group? For if any band of people who stick together in some way—who regard themselves as distinctive and are regarded as such by others—qualifies as an ethnic group, then those who died at Jonestown rate an entry in the *Encyclopedia*.

The question of what constitutes an ethnic group obviously bedeviled the editors. Trying to justify their choice of 106 ethnic groups, the editors say that these groups are characterized by 14 particular features "although in combinations that vary considerably." But anyone reading the list of features could easily come to the conclusion that groups other than the ones listed merit separate entries as distinctive ethnic groups. Some observers, for example, would argue that Sicilians rate a separate entry, for they form a culture distinct from the Italian, under which they are subsumed in the *Encyclopedia*. One reviewer in the *New Republic* has argued that Jews do not constitute one ethnic group, as the *Encyclopedia* would have it, but three: Sephardic Jews, German Jews, and Ashkenazic (Yiddish-speaking) Jews. Similarly, Thomas Sowell has argued that there are three different black groups in the United States: descendants of slaves, descendants of the antebellum "free persons of color," and descendants of immigrants from the West Indies. (The *Encyclopedia* does have a separate entry on West Indians.) No doubt, other ethnic groups can also be broken down in this way, but it is less important to worry about such matters than to insure that these distinctions are acknowledged in a particular entry; and the essays on Italians, Jews, and blacks do take into account these different sub-groups.

A stickier problem arises from the editors' decision to list religious faith as one of the 14 characteristics that define ethnic groups—a decision that enables them to have entries on such cohesive religious groups as the Mormons, the Hutterites, and the Amish. If these groups rate entries, then why are there no entries on the Hare Krishna and the Church of Scientology? The editors would probably argue that these groups have

*Harvard University Press, $60.00.

Stephen Miller is a Resident Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

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not been in existence long enough to possess "a historical identity of their own."

The Mormons raise another question because they are tireless proselytizers, continually recruiting new members into their ranks. (Of course, many religious sects proselytize.) As such, they surely are different from other ethnic groups—"open," we might say, rather than "closed" in that anyone can become a Mormon but obviously not everyone can become an Albanian. One can choose to belong to a religio-ethnic group, but one is assigned by birth (or upbringing) to other kinds of ethnic groups.

It would be wrong, however, to quibble about the editors' choice of ethnic groups, since it is better to err on the side of inclusiveness. Some observers may argue that the Mormons are not an ethnic group—that the adjective does not apply—but the editors themselves admit that the Mormons "are not the same in character as immigrant or racial groups." In any case, the distinction between open and closed ethnic groups is no longer a hard and fast one, for as the editors point out, many Americans "feel an affinity to two or even more groups." Far from being an anomaly, multiple ethnic identification is commonplace among third- and fourth-generation Americans. If anyone can become a Mormon, in a sense anyone can become an Albanian even though he is not an Albanian by descent. Suppose, for example, one's father remarries someone of Albanian descent, and one feels closely attached to one's stepmother's culture. More and more—at least in the United States—ethnic identification is seen not as something that one is stamped with by birth or upbringing, but something that one chooses. In the editors' words, "ethnic identification, even when ethnic heritage is unmixed or fully understood, is a matter of individual choice, ratified on a continuum from passive acquiescence to active participation."

Because people often identify themselves with several ethnic groups, it is extremely difficult to chart the boundaries between them. Where would one put a Swiss acquaintance of mine who converted to Mormonism? In "Pluralism: A Political Perspective," one of the thematic essays, Michael Walzer speaks of ethnic groups as "communities without boundaries, shading off into a residual mass of people who think of themselves simply as Americans." Some ethnic groups persist unchanged over long periods of time, but many undergo large fluctuations in their membership. In surveys taken by the federal government, the number of people giving their ethnic origin as German jumped from 19.96 million in 1969 to 25.7 million in 1971 and then back to 20.5 million in 1973. Immigration, natural increase, and sampling variation cannot account for these changes. Obviously, many are not quite sure about how to express their ethnic origin, and therefore they change their mind from time to time when asked to respond to such a question.

If determining the size of ethnic groups is a difficult enterprise, elucidating the meaning of ethnicity is virtually impossible. Ethnicity, according to the *Encyclopedia's* entry on "Survey Research," is one of the most elusive concepts in social science. "Just as there is no generally agreed-upon definition of ethnicity, there is little consensus on how to measure it, either in sample surveys or in other research situations." Some of the thematic essayists handle the notion of ethnicity with extreme care (see especially the essay on "Concepts of Ethnicity" by William Petersen); others carelessly bandy it about. According to one writer, "Americans may be said to possess

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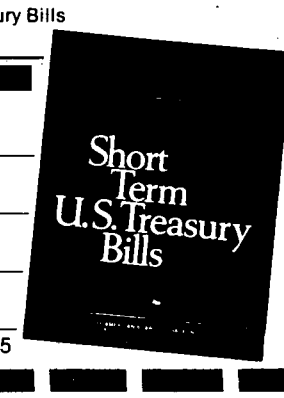

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ethnicity, because as children they were socialized to a given way of life through family, relatives, neighborhood, community, and social institutions." But the socialization process as described by the author is universal—it applies to everyone, not just Americans. Ethnicity, then, is the human condition; everyone "possesses" it. Another writer argues that "ethnicity . . . may be the most crucial aspect of the American national character." But is it any more crucial to Americans than, say, to Englishmen?

Perhaps we can dispel some of the definitional fog if we distinguish between the "old" ethnicity, which is a primordial phenomenon so obvious that it is not worth dwelling on, and the "new" ethnicity, which is a self-conscious sense of one's own ethnic distinctiveness—a sense that arises when one's own ethnic identity can no longer be taken for granted. The old ethnicity is something one "possesses" insofar as one does not think about it; the new ethnicity is something that is willed, chosen—something that one thinks about continually in order to determine one's commitment to it.

These distinctions, of course, are very rough ones; and in some ways they are misleading. For one thing, the new ethnicity is not very new. In "Pluralism: A Humanistic Perspective," Michael Novak says that "the new ethnicity arises in an era of advanced technology . . . in an era of centripetal and homogenizing forces," but the new ethnicity is as old as the Enlightenment, to which it stood in reaction. Many late-eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century writers, philosophers, and publicists were in rebellion against what Novak calls "'mindless' and 'soulless' modernism." And with the advent of the Nazis in Germany and the Fascists in Italy, this counter-Enlightenment movement took on a pathological form.

In the twentieth century, especially in the United States, ethnicity also has been a response to the growing power of the modern state. As the author of "Concepts of Ethnicity" says, "the worldwide rise of ethnicity is based . . . not only on what Robert Nisbet has called the 'quest for community' but also, and more importantly, on the wider functions of the state and thus the greater impetus to organize in order to get what the state is distributing—and to prevent others from getting it."

But in the United States the new ethnicity was not simply the by-product of a vastly enlarged state; it was a response to specific government policies. The term "ethnic"—first used as an adjective, subsequently as a noun—became popular in the 1960s to describe those who were neither members of so-called "oppressed" ethnic groups—mainly blacks, American Indians, and Hispanics—nor members of supposedly mainstream ethnic groups that had lost much of their ethnic distinctiveness—namely Americans of English, German, and Scandinavian descent. Ethnics—or white ethnics—became a composite term for Americans of eastern or southern European descent: Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, Italians. These ethnic groups were subsumed under the category of white ethnics not because of any common thread that connected their ancestral cultures but because most of them were working-class or lower-middle-class whites.

For many liberal journalists, the rise of white ethnicity was evidence of racism, but the real reason for its sudden appearance as a composite ethnic category was not racism but political resentment—resentment on the part of white ethnics of their

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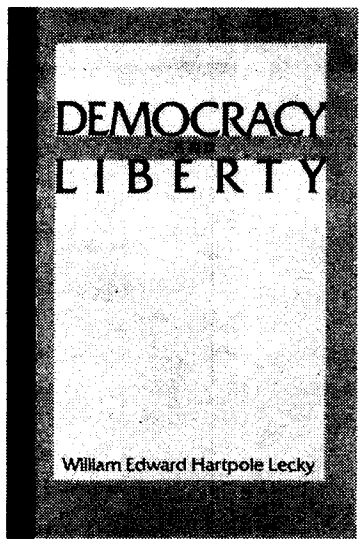

Democracy and Liberty

By William Edward Hartpole Lecky

This classic by the distinguished Irish historian was first published in 1896. In the words of its author, it analyzes "the ways in which democracy does not harmonize with liberty." Drawing upon the history of England, France and the United States, Lecky examines the effects of democracy upon individual liberty—a problem more difficult to solve today than it was in Lecky's day. "On the whole" he wrote, "American democracy appears to me to carry with it at least as much of warning as of encouragement." His discussion ranges from the theory and structure of government to specific problems of legislation and policy.
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unfair treatment by the government. They suffered less from the discontents of modernity than from the discontents of affirmative action, and their complaints had a good deal of basis in fact. The fact was simply that the federal government had begun to single out certain ethnic groups by compiling statistics on their "representation" in certain jobs—the point being that if there was not a correlation between the percentage a particular ethnic group composed of the general population and the percentage it composed of employees in a particular government agency, then something was wrong; such "underrepresentation" was *prima facie* evidence of discrimination. In 1978, the Civil Service began to ask employees of the federal government if they were"Black/Negro; Hispanic or Spanish-speaking; American Indian; Asian American/Oriental; Aleuts, Eskimos, or Non-Minority Caucasians." Such bizarre federal categories have proliferated to the point that the National Endowment for the Humanities now asks prospective panelists and reviewers (as well as applicants) to identify their "race": "American Indian/Alaskan Native; Asian/Pacific Islander; Black; White." And it also asks the following question: "Is your ethnic heritage Hispanic?"

White ethnics rarely argue that such attention to "race" is unconstitutional—that it violates the intent of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Rather, they usually complain that they too deserve to be singled out; they too are worthy of the government's concern. As one observer wrote recently in *Commentary*: "In support of such claims, all sorts of ethnic and religious groups not included in the government's affirmative-action guidelines have begun sponsoring studies designed to prove that they too have suffered discrimination." A sign of the times is a recent statement by the U.S. Catholic Conference that calls on the private and public sectors "to give consideration to those ethnic groups who have too long been unrepresented in large and important areas of American life." Unrepresentation or underrepresentation: These are terms used by those who, as the Catholic Conference says in its statement, compete for "appropriate recognition" from the government. Thus, the compilation of statistics on favored ethnic groups—and the affirmative action programs based on those statistics—have fueled the fires of competition among ethnic groups. The new ethnicity may be in part a response to modernization, but in the United States it is in large part the unintended result of government policies.

Of course the federal government has been in the business of compiling statistics on ethnic groups for a long time, ever since it began assigning ethnic labels to the millions of foreigners emigrating to this country. One of the most valuable essays in the *Encyclopedia* is the entry in the Appendix on "Methods of Estimating the Size of Groups," by Charles A. Price, in which the author quite painstakingly shows how difficult it has been for the government to arrive at a fair and accurate method of categorization. For example, in 1899 the government instituted a category called "Hebrew" because many American Jews complained that it was misleading to designate Yiddish-speaking Jews from Eastern Europe —where most were regarded as pariahs—as Poles, Rumanians, or Russians. Other American Jews, however, resented the new category because Jews were the only people singled out by religion, and in 1944 the government omitted Hebrew from the race-or-people statistics and distributed Jews according to the country of birth. If categorizing Jews posed special problems, there were many other definitional conundrums as well—so many that the author can only conclude that "the old saying that 'there are lies, damned lies, and statistics' is particularly true of estimates of ethnic populations."

This statistical muddle should serve as a cautionary tale for the government; it should alert the government that the attempt to enforce "fair" employment practices on the basis of the statistical distribution of ethnic groups is doomed to failure. The statistics are unreliable, but the more important point is that the categories themselves make very little sense. Why, for example, should Americans of Asian descent be singled out? True, they suffered from discrimination in the past, but as an ethnic group they have been extremely successful and need no help from the government in acquiring jobs. The categories are pointless, for all ethnic groups have been discriminated against, all ethnic groups have been oppressed. But even if we acknowledge differences in relative degrees of oppression, it is questionable whether past injustices are redressed by enforcing rigid statistical requirements that only serve to stir up ethnic distrust and to increase the likelihood of civic discord. To accede to the demands of white ethnics that they too receive favorable treatment would lead to the balkanization of America. The *Encyclopedia,* then, provides ammunition for those opposed to statistical representation, and it is a minor irony that the *Encyclopedia* owes its existence in large part to a grant from that apostle of "representation," the National Endowment for the Humanities.

But if ethnic politics bodes ill for the health of the polity, the preservation and indeed revival of ethnic cultures—their food, music, dances, and distinctive customs—is all to the good. For the customs of America's myriad ethnic groups act as a countervailing force to the homogenizing power of the mass media. Some proponents of cultural complexity, however, flirt with ethnic determinism. According to Michael Novak, "reason operates in pluralistic modes." Yet Novak also claims that in America "many persons have the opportunity to become involved in cultural traditions not originally their own, and to appropriate music, ideas, values, and even a set of intellectual landmarks not native to their own upbringing." Although Novak at first implies that one is in effect inexorably mired in one's ethnic tradition, he then goes on to imply that in the United States one is *free*—no matter what one's descent—to appropriate whatever one wants from any cultural tradition.

In 1867 Henry James remarked upon the distinctively cosmopolitan nature of American culture. He wrote to a friend: "I think that to be an American is an excellent preparation for culture . . . We are ahead of the European races in the fact that . . . we can deal freely with forms of civilization not our own, can pick and choose and assimilate and in short . . . claim our property wherever we find it." Because Americans have no national culture, because America is a nation of nations, the American is a new man in a distinctively cultural sense; he is free to claim his property wherever he finds it, free to enjoy gospel music, Vietnamese food, and Macedonian folkdances, free also to negotiate his own private treaty with his heritage. As David M. Heer, in the essay on intermarriage, says: "Italian festas are still being held but are being increasingly patronized by people with little or no Italian ancestry. . . . The distinctive elements of each European culture are being preserved in the United States by those people who appreciate them, who may or may not be those for whom the features form part of an ancestral heritage."

Unfortunately, the preoccupation with fairness on the part of the government may compel many Americans to retreat to the confines of their particular ethnic group in order to take advantage of government quota programs. The result will be mutual hostility and competition between groups for the attention and favors of government. □

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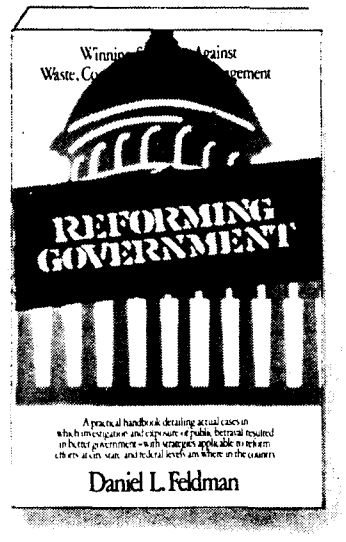

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SOCIAL JUSTICE IN THE LIBERAL STATE

Bruce Ackerman / Yale University Press / $17.50

Lino A. Graglia

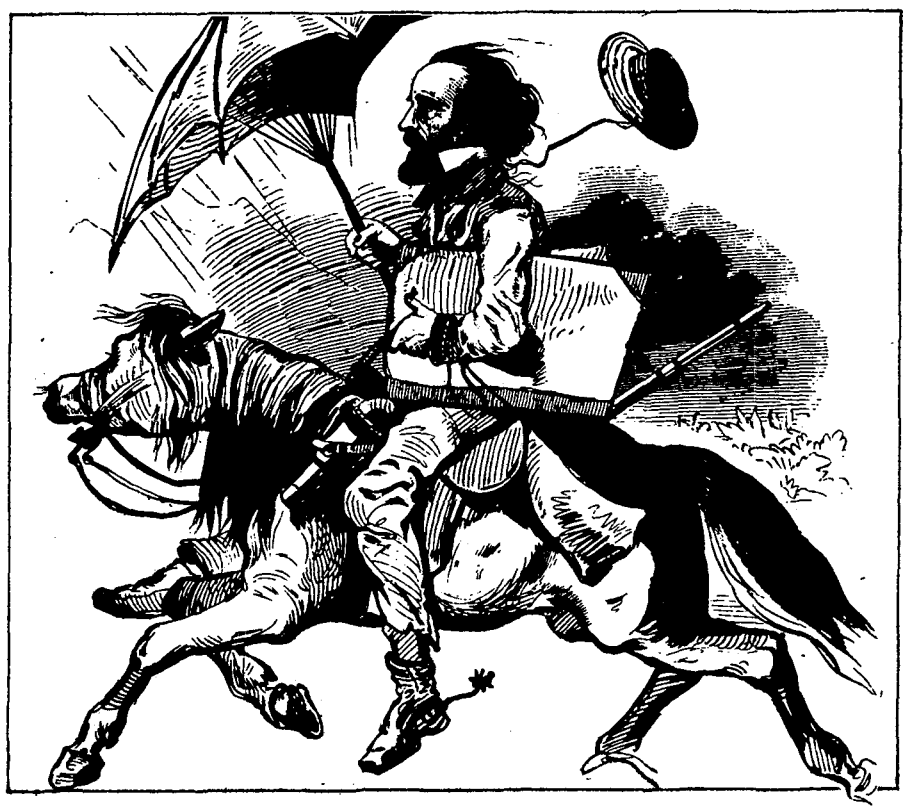
When, on his first page, Bruce Ackerman uses the feminine pronoun as a general referent, the reader knows at once that he is in the presence of an advanced liberal thinker. The reader is therefore not surprised to find the remainder of the book a spirited defense of all current liberal positions. Racism, it would appear, is endemic: "poor black ghetto youths," we are told with no presentation of evidence, are "processed by an illiberal education system." "Sexism" is another major obstacle to justice: Some parents, it seems, would unjustly prohibit "their" (the quotation marks are Ackerman's) five-year-old daughters from playing with trucks—but Ackerman, happily, finds a "right" on the part of strangers to intervene on the child's behalf, for what, after all, "gives the parent the right to decide whether the child's wishes will be fulfilled? Why not some other adult?" By virtue of being white, male, a capitalist, or genetically normal, one is necessarily an "exploiter" of some others, and "normal white capitalist males (n/w/c/m) unequivocally exploit *everyone* else, while everyone except handicapped black female proletarians would have a more complicated relationship to exploitation." As Ronald Dworkin discovered earlier in *Taking Rights Seriously,* "justice" is in essence modern-day liberalism, requiring or supporting, for example, readily available abortions, affirmative action, strict limitation of parental authority, and judicial activism. Whether or not Ackerman's "analyses of a wide range of pressing issues" are "incisive," as the book jacket states, they certainly are predictable.

But unfortunately Ackerman's analyses are not incisive; they are often incredibly shallow and reflect that peculiar foolishness of the exceptionally intelligent and educated person, totally enmeshed in a rationalist web of his own construction. Ackerman builds his system on the proposition that in the "ideal liberal state" all challenged inequalities (including genetic ones) must be found to be "unjust" unless an advantaged party can defend its advantage without claiming to be better than anyone else or to have a better "conception of the good." The ideal liberal dispute ordinarily ends with the advantaged party standing mute before the unanswerable assertion of the other, "I'm at least as good as you are." Applying this technique of "constrained dialogue," Ackerman quickly and easily arrives at the ideal liberal state's just solution of a number of seemingly very difficult problems.

For example, in less than two pages (127-8) Ackerman concludes that justice requires the availability of abortions. Because of imperfect methods of contraception, "embryos are conceived before the parents have had time to decide whether they really want to be parents. If, after thinking the matter over, the parents decide that it is bad to have a child, the state cannot tell them they are making the wrong decision." And that settles that, except for answering the mistaken objection that the fetus also has rights. The fetus cannot have rights, Ackerman explains, because the "simple truth is that a fetus is *not* a citizen of a liberal state." It is not a citizen because it cannot speak to challenge its being disadvantaged and therefore "fails the dialogic test—more plainly than do grown-up dolphins." (Communicative animals, you see, can be citizens of the liberal state.) The fact that the fetus is a "*potential* citizen" does not change the fact that it cannot speak, and no one can speak for it because no one can "claim to have access to the world of disembodied spirits."

The only real difficulty—"a final, terrible case"—Ackerman sees with the abortion question is that a couple may "simply *enjoy* abortions so much that they conceive embryos simply to kill them a few months later. Can not the state intervene to stop such brutality?" Yes, "if a majority so choose," Ackerman answers, but for reasons that are less than clear: "In brief, treating everything as if it were manna [a natural resource] for citizen exploitation may be taken as an unsatisfactory expression of the liberal community's principled agnosticism about the 'proper' relationship between the state and the larger universe."

Ackerman is equally helpful on the question of infanticide. The question of "whether a 'natural' parent has the right to kill the child rather than transfer it to a parent who wants to 'adopt' it" is "*not* a rhetorical question." A citizen of the ideal liberal state has the right simply to destroy "his fair share of manna," and "a day-old infant is no more a citizen than a nine-month fetus." Infanticide presents a different question than abortion, however, because "the biological parents have had time to consider whether they want to be parents" and "once the infant is viable, some other adult may want to take on the task of child rearing." At what time "viability" should be thought to occur is the type of detail with which Ackerman does not deal. Finally, Ackerman comes down against a right to infanticide because of his earlier discovery of a right to adoption and because of "the principle against wanton cruelty developed in our discussion of abortion."



Throughout the book, Ackerman contrasts his approach and results with those of John Rawls in *A Theory of Justice* and, to a lesser extent, of Robert Nozick in *Anarchy, State, and Utopia.* He criticizes these writers, correctly in my opinion, for assuming that it makes sense to talk of prepolitical ("natural") rights. Such talk may be rhetorically useful, but it does not lend clarity to a serious discussion of social arrangements; it begs rather than answers the most difficult questions. The catch, however, is that Ackerman's effort to define justice through a process of constrained dialogue is also based on an assumption of natural rights. Like Rawls (and Dworkin)—indeed, even more fundamentally than Rawls—Ackerman assumes a natural right to equality for all human beings. In Ackerman's system it is impermis-

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sible for anyone to claim that he is "intrinsically superior" to anyone else. All citizens (people, and perhaps other creatures, capable of asserting claims) are, by simple fiat, "intrinsically" (an undefined term, involving, I suspect, much question begging) equal. All departures from equality are therefore indefensible in the ideal liberal state, and at least *prima facie* unjust in any real world state—and Ackerman is even more skeptical than Rawls of incentive arguments for inequality. But why may no one assert that he is "intrinsically" superior to others in some socially significant respect? Is it not at least arguable—subject to empirical investigation—that some people are "intrinsically" (innately?) superior in, say, creativity, productivity, courage, aggressiveness? Similarly, Ackerman's system prohibits anyone from claiming the superiority of his particular "conception of the good," but Ackerman is in fact asserting that his own particular conception of the good—perfect equality of endowments (material, cultural, genetic, etc.) among all "citizens"—*is* superior.

There is no *a priori* reason, however, to expect or require equality in human society, any more than we can expect or require it in the "state of nature" where it is so obviously and brutally absent. Indeed, given the necessarily small distance that even the most highly developed society can remove itself from the state of nature, a great change in the natural condition of inequality is not to be expected. It seems unlikely that unusual strength, speed, and cunning, for example, can ever be made to count for little or nothing in a society necessarily existing in a physical and biological order in which they count for so much. The attempt to have them count for nothing—as in Ackerman's requirement that the genetically handicapped not only be treated as equals but compensated for their handicaps—may not be consistent with the continuance of human society. Too many of the nonhandicapped may seek to opt out; too many, succumbing perhaps to "irrational" biological urges, may prefer to keep for themselves and their children (they may think more highly of the family than Ackerman does) more of what they can capture or produce. They may find less conversation-stopping than Ackerman does the handicapped's assertion "I'm at least as good as you are." They might respond, "That can be put to the test if necessary. If you would not survive two weeks on your own, why do you think you must not only survive but prosper equally in this society? My self-interest and instinct for survival—even, or particularly, considering the long run—indicate that there is only so much of what I can get and keep that I can sensibly give up so that you may be better off. To the stars you may surely complain of your condition, but to the nonhandicapped who give up some of what they could keep in order to permit you to live, you should show gratitude—small recompense that it is—not envy. I know that your mentor Ackerman, like all egalitarians, is very strong on envy, equating it with a 'proper sense of [one's] moral dignity,' and would have his polity give up a great deal of material prosperity in order to cater to envy, but that only shows that he has rationalized himself into some other world than this one."

Finally, the assumption of a deep principle—whether Rawls' difference principle, Nozick's natural rights, or Ackerman's equality—invariably requires an almost other-worldly, and certainly unrealistic, process whereby that principle is made to apply to social issues. It may be that vigorous government action to create greater equality than now exists in America would lead to a more stable and satis-

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fying society for all or most of us, but it may also be that leveling tendencies have already gone too far, have produced an "unnatural" degree of equality inconsistent with individual liberty, social stability, and material progress. One thing we may be sure of is that the issue cannot be resolved, as Ackerman recommends, by playing a verbal game according to Ackerman's unworldly rules, that an attempt fundamentally to transform society and the world according to some carefully calculated system will result only in revealing some catastrophic error in the calculations.

Ackerman derides Burke's and Oakeshott's esteem for tradition and established institutions as a prejudice resulting from life on a "tight little island," but Ackerman's esteem for equality could as easily be dismissed as the product of living in the even tighter world of late twentieth-century American academia. The United States is a larger and more diverse place than Britain, but young (under 40) Mr. Ackerman spends most of his working hours on a campus in New Haven—indeed, in a small law school—where his beliefs and values can be inspired with every breath. □

NIETZSCHE: A CRITICAL LIFE

Ronald Hayman / Oxford / $19.95

John Wettergreen

Well before he went mad in 1889, Nietzsche predicted that the twentieth century would be characterized by global wars, experiments conducted upon the whole human race, including the "merciless extinction" of whole peoples, and merely ideological politics. On the other hand, he predicted that during this century a global society of consumers and producers would develop, and that the deepest longing of its members would be for comfort and convenience. Such remarks gave Nietzsche a reputation for prescience even before he died in 1900, and the fact that he went mad after thinking about such matters enhanced this reputation. For example, his sister, who cared for him during the last years of his life, could run guided tours through the abode of the mad philosopher. Public demand for news of Nietzsche's person or private life is nothing new in Germany.

In Great Britain and the United States, this demand was dampened by Nietzsche's reputation as a philosophic founder of Nazism. Now Ronald Hayman's book supplies it to an extent hitherto unavailable in the English language. Every detail which one could reasonably wish to know, and more, is here: not only Nietzsche's birth (October 15, 1844, in a parsonage in Prussian Saxony), but also his breakfast menus, and the state of his bowels and of the sofas in his quarters. Not content with mere documentation, Hayman also attempts to bring order to this mass of detail by engaging in psychobiography. In this genre, trivial gossip can appear to be important. Indeed, Hayman asserts that no adequate understanding of Nietzsche's writings is possible without the information supplied by this book.

John Wettergreen teaches political science at San Jose State University.

If psychobiography were a worthwhile scholarly enterprise in any case, that would be the case of Nietzsche. From his student days onward, he delighted in interpreting the greatest works of the greatest philosophers in the light of their personal prejudices, idiosyncratic tastes, foibles, gaffes, and stomach troubles. All thoughts, Nietzsche thought, are psychosomatic responses. Therefore, philosophic thought is pathological, because philosophers pride themselves on thinking free of every prejudice, feeling, and bodily desire. Nevertheless, Nietzsche took seriously philosophy's traditional demand that thought free itself from all outside influences, and accordingly, he felt compelled to interpret his own thought psychosomatically. For example, he attributes some of his writings to the mountain air, others to his father's influence, others to diet or indigestion; none, I believe, are attributed to flatulence. Thus, one is not surprised to read that "it was Freud's opinion that Nietzsche achieved a degree of introspection never achieved by anyone else and never likely to be achieved again." Moreover, others were no more reluctant to preserve the results of Nietzsche's self-analyses than he was to write them down: "By the time he was eight, his six year old sister was trying to preserve everything he committed to paper." Nietzsche's archives are a goldmine for psychobiographers, and Hayman has dug deep.

Unlike his books, Nietzsche's private life was ordinary. Of course, he was an intelligent child, who worked hard and did well at school. At Leipzig University, he impressed professors and tried to overcome his reputation as a drudge by joining a fraternity. Before he finished his dissertation, he was appointed at Basel. There he worked hard teaching classics and philosophy (thirteen semester hours, three to five preparations), and publishing. All the while, he hoped for better students. One could hear the same story from any tenured faculty-member at any American university. This is not to deny that Nietzsche was a pleasant fellow, a good pianist, and a valuable friend. And an excellent teacher. For

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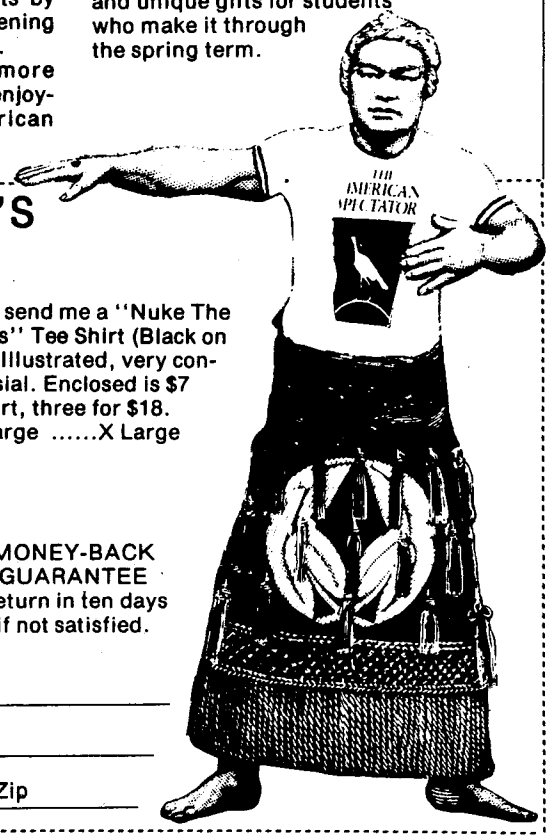

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example, two or three hundred students attended his lectures. Moreover, he endured his share in human suffering: At thirty-six, illness forced him to retire from Basel; thereafter, he was either well enough to write, or too sick to write. This man was not built for action. His military career was cut short in a characteristic manner: Because his eyes were so poor, he collided with the pommel when trying to mount his horse (the best in the stable), injuring his chest severely. In sum, nothing in Nietzsche's private life could have inspired the least interest in anyone but his personal friends and family, if he had not written important books. More precisely, his only remarkable action was writing, and of this activity itself, we can have no record, because he was too busy doing it. Or, as Nietzsche himself concluded in his psycho-autobiography, *Ecce Homo*, "I am one thing, my writings are another matter."

This conclusion would have been inconvenient for our author. Nevertheless, Hayman does not attempt to refute the preemptive psychoanalysis of *Ecce Homo*. Rather, he hopes that Nietzsche's life—his insanity—will refute Nietzsche's philosophy. If Nietzsche's own radical relativism could be shown to have driven him mad, i.e., rendered him incapable of leading a fully human life, then, the author supposes, it would be proven that "the belief that every belief is false . . . is not available to humanity." Hayman's thesis is beautiful, but it is also difficult to demonstrate.* On the one hand, the demonstrator would have to think through Nietzsche's inhuman thoughts, thus rendering himself mad, and so unable to publish the results of his inquiry. On the other hand, if the demonstrator is not driven mad, the thesis is trivial: At best, he would have demonstrated that relativism was bad for Nietzsche (assuming, of course, that insanity was not good for him). Hayman's publication is, I think, quite sane.

Nietzsche did not let matters rest at "believing" that no belief (including this one) is true. He tried to persuade his readers of this view. Accordingly, he tried to demonstrate the falsity of all the most sacred beliefs of late modern, European culture. Ruthlessly, he criticized everything that existed: socialism, conservatism, atheism, Christianity, "progressive ideas," tradition, egalitarianism, rationality, and every other cherished conviction of modern, Western civilization. Because these "values" (as he called them) were symptoms of the progressive degeneration of European life, Nietzsche's criticism of them constituted both a diagnosis and a cure.

By undermining Western beliefs, Nietzsche hoped to force a crisis; at which point, Western civilization—and therefore humanity—would either die, or regain health. Sometimes he presented the crisis of the West as a choice between "the last man" and "the super-man." The last man is the type which contemporary Western culture aims to produce, a being that lives for the sake of comfortable self-preservation. The super-man is the type to be created by a culture dedicated to values loftier than those of any previous civilization. Nietzsche did not suppose that the super-man would be the Nazi's "Blond Beast," but rather a "Caesar with the soul of Christ"—a different specimen. Although he never specified the values of the super-culture, he left no doubt that, in his opinion, all lesser cultures and human types could be annihilated for its sake. Thus, when Nietzsche defined philosophy as the legislation of the future, he meant it: Values define civilizations, and philosophers make possible or, like Nietzsche, impossible belief in (certain) values.

Hayman cannot take Nietzsche's definition seriously. To him, it is a first sign of madness, a delusion of grandeur. Nevertheless, he admits that he was, is, and must be "influential." "We have no option but to follow him," he asserts. After all, that is what Wittgenstein, Freud, Foucault, and any number of other contemporary intellectual heroes, and not a few culture-vultures, have done. Indeed, Hayman's book itself is sufficient evidence that Nietzsche is now respectable in the English-speaking world. Yet Hayman urges that Nietzsche's lead not be taken *too* seriously. In politics, Nietzsche's influence is or ought to be small, because he had contempt for the day-to-day maneuvers of politicians, and was "anti-democratic" and "intolerant" (sic) of "the lower orders." Still, his "cultural and intellectual influence" are "hard to exaggerate." This optimistic disjunction of culture from politics is not only un-Nietzschean, it is unrealistic. For example, Nietzsche's critiques of Kant or Rousseau cannot be cited authoritatively without lending some weight to his contempt for everything egalitarian, and indeed for justice itself.

*Most scholars believe that his insanity was caused by syphilis. Hayman presents some good reasons for doubting this diagnosis.

Who reads The American Spectator?

Anne Armstrong.

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Hayman supposes that this difficulty can be avoided by remembering, whenever one reads Nietzsche, that these are essentially the works of a madman, fragments of a shattered soul from which any sane person can select whatever happens to please. As I have suggested, however, Nietzsche's books are not mere magazines of momentary, mad insights, devoid of internal coherence. No serious interpretation of them is possible without facing the present crisis of the West.

As Nietzsche remarked, "The only thing of interest in a refuted philosophy is the personal element." Ronald Hayman to the contrary notwithstanding, the converse does not hold: Not even Nietzsche's philosophy can be refuted by its personal element. □

AMERICAN DREAMS: LOST AND FOUND

Studs Terkel / Pantheon Books / $14.95

Mark Lilla

I've never thought much of "oral history" before. Whenever I've taken a look at anything that claims to belong to this genre it has struck me as a pathetic excuse for proper scholarly history or a pretentious way to package a political tract. Worse, it can degenerate into the most unseemly kind of academic slumming—the young upper-middle class female graduate student, clad in overalls and babushka, harassing some poor working joe or farmer with a shining new Sony cassette recorder, sticking the microphone into his face and *begging* that he spill his guts out about the most important and painful moments in his life, but to do it ever so quickly so she can get back to campus and finish her dissertation. Worse than romanticizing lower-class life, "oral history" can put ordinary working people into an academic zoo and rob them of whatever dignity they may have managed to retain in their struggle to make a better life for themselves and their children.

It was with trepidation, then, that I picked up Studs Terkel's *American Dreams: Lost and Found,* a book of 100 interviews on "the American dream" put together by a man with clear socialist sympathies. It looked like a set-up. But to my surprise, Terkel's book turned out to be a humorous, interesting, and fair snapshot album of 20th-century America. It was a pleasure to read precisely because it makes no pretense of being "history," and whatever political purposes the author had in choosing the interview subjects are obscured by the diversity of their dreams. Though I've never read Terkel's other books of interviews, the manner in which he lets all his subjects reminisce at length makes it evident that he has a better feel for Americans, and a greater love for them, than others who sell themselves as observers of American culture and history. Terkel's America is that of John Dos Passos, Ring Lardner, and James T. Farrell, not that of of professional voyeurs Robert Altman or Pete Seeger. You get the impression that, politics apart, Terkel really *likes* the rhythm of American life, he *likes* our idiosyncracies and tastes—all rather unusual today.

Since the subject of the interviews is the American dream, a good number of them center on success and failure in business and work. There is Wallace Rasmussen, former chairman of Beatrice Foods, who tells how he worked himself up from Depression poverty in Nebraska to the executive suite because "my only ambition in life was to be just a little bit better off the next day than I was the day before." S.B. Fuller, a 79-year-old black businessman, born of a sharecropper, who made and lost a fortune in his lifetime, discourses on the importance of initiative and the way in which welfare can stifle it in young people.

And of course there is plenty of anti-business sentiment here (which, like it or not, is as American as Wonder Bread). There are many perhaps too many, stories about working people who got fed up with their bosses and the conditions under which they worked, and organized a union to protect themselves. Some were immigrants who brought union socialism with them from Europe; others grew up in the mountains of Appalachia. What is refreshing about hearing these people talk is that they don't use the language of the professional or academic socialist—they are merely reacting, sensibly or not, to what they have seen and lived, and most still like America and have faith in its future. Ed Sadlowski, the renegade Chicago union leader who unsuccessfully tried to unseat the corrupt leadership of the United Steel Workers, put it well: "I place my faith in the working stiff, regardless of his hangups. He's still the most reliable guy on the street when push comes to shove."

But to really appreciate this collection the reader must put aside his Manichean razor and just *listen* to America talking, talking about how American dreams, *not* fantasies, can come true.

Terkel interviewed many immigrants, some who have just arrived and some who have been here for decades, but all of whom came here because the rest of the world recognizes what we often forget: There is tremendous economic opportunity in America. Few have had it easy. Dora Rosensweig was born in a Russian *shtetl* in 1885 and, when life became unbearable for her parents, was smuggled through Germany and Britain to the United States when she was six years old. In *American Dreams* she tells of growing up in Chicago, learning English, taking a job with a cigar maker, and forming a union. She was married before World War I, moved by stagecoach to South Dakota when it was still accepting "settlers," and learned to cook and sleep outdoors. Today she lives in a comfortable bungalow in Los Angeles and has a washing machine.

Despite the hardships, millions of immigrants still come to fulfill their dreams. Leonel Castillo, former U.S. director of immigration and the son of a Mexican immigrant, put it well:

> The old dream is still dreamt. The old neighborhood Ma-Pa stores are still around. They are not Italian or Jewish or Eastern European anymore. Ma and Pa are now Korean, Vietnamese, Iraqi, Jordanian, Latin American. They live in the store. They're making it. Sound familiar?

Many don't make it, of course, either because they haven't got what it takes or they are beaten back by private injustices, misfortune, or their own ignorance. But most rise above their circumstances to become genuine American heroes. Vernon Jarrett, columnist for the *Chicago Tribune,* tells of his black father, a child of an ex-slave who spent his whole life being called "boy," but who lived to see his son get a master's degree in a college auditorium he helped build in 1893. There is Erma "Tiny" Motton, a black mother of five in rural Missouri, who felt so demeaned by welfare that she took two jobs to put herself through high school, then college. Now she can respect herself.

> Tiny's a long way of bein' out of the pocket, but just like an ant, I'm wigglin' hard. You know I'm there. What the dream means to me is for my children to be able to live anywhere they want to, even be able to come back home where they were born and raised, and get a good job, hold their head high. Not given something because they're black, and not something taken away from them because they're black. But given something because they're a man and they deserved it. That's my American Dream. I do believe something's stirring.

And then there are the oddballs, the assorted American zanies. Terkel interviewed disaffected "community organizers," psycho-babbling residents of Hollywood, an "unemployed humanist," and a woman who spent her entire life savings to put out a magazine commemorating the death of Elvis Presley. My favorite character is Matt Matejkowski. Mr. Matejkowski is a 54-year-old patent attorney living in Connecticut who got it into his head he could write fiction. His novel, "about a twelve-year-old Picasso-like Huck Finn growing up in New England in 1937," was rejected by all the major publishing houses for the peculiar reason that "it stinks." Undaunted, Mr. Matejkowski did some meticulous market research and found out that he could probably sell his book in paperback. ("The average person buying a hardcover novel today is either quite rich, doesn't care about money, or is a darn fool.") He then lined up a vanity publisher in Chicago, had the book published, and proceeded to sell it, store-to-store, by taking boxes of the books to store managers. *By Raz—1937* can now be purchased at your nearest Marshall Field or K-Mart. Mr. Matejkowski's secret? —"All novel writing is twenty-five percent what you yourself have seen, envisioned, and seventy-five percent is kielbasa."

By putting together such a marvelous gallery of Americans and leaving them with their dignity intact, Mr. Terkel has done his readers a favor. A steady diet of political reading and writing is bad for the mind—it dulls you, makes you cranky, and lets you forget all the contradictions and paradoxes inherent in "the American dream." I always find it depressing

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Mark Lilla is Managing Editor of the Public Interest.

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to meet politically minded young people who can't seem to understand how decent everyday people could have been leftists earlier in this century (or, alternatively, how older people can possibly believe that there is economic opportunity here). This book lets you get away from the ideological fracas and submerge yourself in all the heroism, tragedy, and outright goofiness that is America.

If there is one thing which characterizes the older people in *American Dreams,* it is enthusiasm and optimism about the future (an attitude strangely lacking in the spoiled young people interviewed). It was enthusiasm for this country which drove all these people to work and invest to better their condition, and it was enthusiasm (mostly) that made others organize unions or support the New Deal as well. Indeed, you can see that the same enthusiasm for the American prospect that led men and women to work, invent, and organize earlier in the century makes supply-siders draw curves on napkins today.

When I finished the book, I was struck by the resemblance between Mr. Terkel's America and the America of President Reagan's inaugural address. Today both men are on different sides of the political spectrum but I don't think they would differ too strongly on what the spirit of this country consists in. Our strident young conservatives may blanch at *American Dreams,* but President Reagan would probably love it. □

ISAAC

(continued from page 11)

The United Church of Christ had the distinction of receiving a $10,000 award from the People's Bicentennial Commission, a radical and bitterly anti-business group formed in opposition to the official bicentennial celebrations. It was bestowed upon the Church for "evidence likely to lead to the arrest and imprisonment of the chief executive officer of a Fortune 500 company." The Church had turned over to the Commission documents obtained from an avowedly Communist (white) group in the Union of South Africa allegedly demonstrating that Mobil Oil had supplied fuel to Rhodesia in spite of the trade sanctions then in force. The Church was promised another $15,000 if Mobil's head should actually go to jail.

In 1978 the United Church of Christ responded to the allegations of then UN Ambassador Andrew Young (himself a United Church of Christ minister) that there were political prisoners in the United States, by producing a list of U.S. political prisoners based solely on the criterion that if jailed criminals had committed politically motivated crimes, they are political prisoners. The list was compiled by yet another United Church of Christ member, the Reverend Ben Chavis, then in jail as one of the Wilmington 10. By 1978 the United Church of Christ had poured $425,000 from church coffers into the defense of Chavis and his cohorts. Their conviction has been set aside, and Chavis now heads the Washington office of the Church's Commission for Racial Justice. Denouncing the draft at a February 1980 rally of the National March against the Klan in Greensboro, North Carolina, Chavis announced, "If we're going to fight, we're going to fight right here in the U.S.," and then promised, "We're going to march; we're going to march. We're going to tear this system down!" Chavis has been speaking all over the United States as co-chairman of the National Alliance against Racist and Political Repression. His fellow chairman is Angela Davis, most recently candidate for Vice President on the Communist party ticket in the 1980 elections.

But perhaps the most unlikely supporters of violent revolution are the peace churches. The fundamental tenet of the Quaker American Friends Service Committee denies that "violence can ever be right." Yet this same Committee identifies with and promotes the cause of terrorist groups in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. The American Friends Service Committee suffers from the same curious double vision that impairs the leadership of major denominations. It objects to human rights violations only by governments it defines as "right-wing." Stephen Chapman, former staff journalist for the *New Republic,* conducted a series of interviews with AFSC staff and reported that not once did he ever hear anything critical of a Communist government. AFSC brochures criticize South Korea for political repression, for limitations on labor unions, and for its economic system. But in the case of totalitarian North Korea the Committee professes itself unable to pass judgment, "since the political and legal system, in fact the whole structure, are very different from our own." With similar curious judgment, the Committee describes Vietnam as a new society based on "justice and equality."

Even violence is explicitly justified. Jim Bristol, head of the AFSC Peace Education Program in Southern Africa, professes to disagree with the claim that thoroughgoing change "can be done *only* by armed violence." But he is not going to insist that those who believe differently should adhere to this view:

> Others, however, and in particular the oppressed who are engaged in the struggle for their own freedom, see violence as the only alternative to continued exploitation and oppression, and whereas I am unable in my own conscience to support that violent struggle, I certainly do not feel that I should argue with them against it, especially when it is my own nation and my own privileged society which is involved in the oppression under which they suffer.

The intertwining of cultural and religious radicalism is evident among Friends. The AFSC has not only instituted affirmative action for wo-

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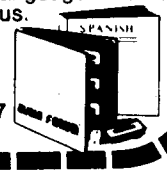

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men and minorities (40 percent women and 20 percent minorities on all staffs and committees), but has mandated "goals" of one "open gay" in each region and five "open gays" in the national office. A minimum of two "open gays" are required per committee. The AFSC is to do business only with those "who share our affirmative action standards."

If the emphasis here has been on Protestant churches rather than on synagogues or the Catholic Church, it is not because Jewish and Catholic leaders have been impervious to revolutionary enthusiasm. In fact, the Jewish Reform movement is a member of the Methodist-created Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy, despite the fact that its human-rights working group includes the chief U.S. support group for the PLO. The Catholic Church has seen both the radicalism of the Berrigan brothers and the international radicalism of the Maryknoll order. But organized Judaism remains relatively impermeable to the allure of radical politics because hostility toward Israel has become a virtual touchstone of the revolutionary passion. As for the Catholic Church, it need simply be said that most of its command posts have not yet been captured by radical churchmen. (It might also be noted that not all command posts in Protestantism have fallen; Southern Baptists and Lutherans, for example, have remained relatively immune.)

• • •

Thus far we have not addressed the most interesting question: Why? That fringe groups within the churches should be caught up in the cultural eddies of the broader society is not surprising, but why should the leadership of mainline churches support revolutionary groups? Why is this leadership so critical of American economic, social, and political institutions? Why are the massive human rights violations of Marxist regimes exempt from criticism? Why are such regimes praised, and their support groups given financial aid? Why should Marxism exert any attraction at all for churchmen when antipathy to religion is one of Marxism's best-known characteristics?

The answers lie in the political traditions of American Protestantism. In the years between World Wars I and II, the Federal Council of Churches—the predecessor of the National Council of Churches—became a center of what was known as the "Social Gospel." And the churches most zealous for revolution today are those which were most active in support of the Social Gospel: the Methodists, United Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Congregationalists (now part of the United Church of Christ). But while the roots of the attitudes prevalent in the National Council go back to the Federal Council, there have been important changes since World War II, and especially in the last twenty years. The dislike of capitalism and the attraction to Marxism is old—the hatred of the United States is new. The yearning for social transformation is old—the acceptance of violence is new.

The Social Gospel first received prominence within the Federal Council in the Council's 1920 report entitled *The Church and Industrial Reconstruction*. The report was a scathing attack on capitalism: Capitalism depends on the conflict between capital and labor. Capitalism glorifies competition. Capitalism treats people as tools. Capitalism relies on self-interest and the profit motive. Capitalism produces stunted personalities. Capitalism is contrary to the teaching of Christ that the human personality is sacred, that brotherhood is the proper relationship between men, that cooperation and not greed should guide men's actions, and that social behavior should be guided by "loving service."

On the other hand, the newly launched Soviet experiment, with its stated goal of absolute equality and human brotherhood, seemed closer in spirit to the Christian vision of an ideal economic order. Even after time brought knowledge of purges and mass deaths, many in the forefront of the ecumenical movement continued to judge the Soviet Union leniently. The very loftiness of Soviet goals was enough to excuse performance. It was argued that the difficulty inherent in transforming man and society is so overwhelming, that mistakes are bound to occur. The United States, by contrast, was condemned for the gap between its ideals and institutions. Nor surprisingly, the depression of the thirties made that gap seem all the more indefensible.

The insistence on violent revolution, however, prevented the majority of Social Gospel leaders from adopting the Marxist critique in toto. The vanguard of the Social Gospel opposed violence. The Kingdom of God and the Christianization of the social order were to occur through love and not through class warfare. In addition, the Social Gospel leaders preferred cooperative ownership of productive resources to centralization and state-controlled public ownership.

This combination of pacifism and anti-capitalism led many Social Gospel advocates to accept isolationism. But thanks largely to the intellectual transformation of Reinhold Niebuhr, a leading proponent of the Social Gospel, many of its followers overcame their illusions that pacifism was an answer to Hitler, or that the Soviet Union was "the millenial hope of the ages." In contradistinction to the possibility of a perfect society held out by Marxism, Niebuhr argued in *Moral Man and Immoral Society* that a truly moral social order is an impossibility. Man can choose only the relative good—the absolute good is a chimera. Niebuhr's growing pessimism, which extended to the possibility of "moral man" as well, led to a growing willingness to confront Nazism with force and to recognize the totalitarian nature of Soviet society. In an imperfect world, the choice between the lesser of two evils—the use of force or the victory of Nazism—was clear.

But that was before the war. Today, Niebuhr's anti-utopian realism has been swept aside. In the words of John C. Bennett, a longtime Social Gospel spokesman: "The forward-looking social activism of the Social Gospel is with us again, but in a much more radical form."

This radicalism, abetted by the increased legitimacy of violence, has been based on a burgeoning willingness to believe the worst about the United States. Previously, American society had been deeply appreciated by Protestant churchmen—one historian has noted it was their "deep expectations about the special qualities of American society" that had impelled and "allowed them to criticize in the first place." But this self-conception of American churchmen—that their role was to hold American society to its promises—was replaced by one which paralleled the attitude of the German theologians toward the role of the church in the rise of Nazism. The witness borne against the Nazis by a courageous band of German theologians—Bonhoeffer, Niemoller, and Barth—became identical in the minds of some American churchmen with the witness borne by radicals against the policies of the American government. The absurdity of this analogy aside, it was nevertheless enhanced when Niemoller and Barth became increasingly anti-American. (Barth actually claimed it was a religious duty to support the Vietcong.) What is more, Niebuhr's justification of the use of violence against Nazism made it easier for these churchmen to draw from their perception of America as a fascist state, a justification for anti-American violence.

But even more influential among American church radicals have been the theologians of what has variously been called "revolution," "hope," and "liberation." Although this theology, as historian Guenter Lewy has pointed out, is so ecumenical that it cannot be attributed to specific denominations, its impact has been especially felt in Catholic Latin America, where it has become wedded to Marxism. A theology of liberation transforms key symbols like incarnation, revelation, and resurrection, so that they do not refer to a divine event in the past but to political liberation in the present. According to Presbyterian theologian Richard Shaull, only at the center of the revolution can man "perceive what God is doing." Not surprisingly, this perspective has driven priests literally into the center of the revolution. Catholic priest Camilo Torres declared "only violent revolution could put properly oriented decision-makers into positions of power" and took to the hills where he and his band met death at the hands of Colombian government forces. Four years later he was followed by Father Domingo Lain who issued a manifesto calling upon Colombians "to prepare themselves for the final struggle." (The manifesto, with its dateline "from the mountains," was published in full by the North American Congress on Latin America, one of the recipients of Methodist funds.)

The theology of revolution has a distinctly anti-American cast, not least of all because, as Edward Norman has observed, much of what is believed to be characteristic of Latin American liberation theology is the work of North American and other foreign missionaries and priests. The Maryknoll order in the United States is an outstanding example.

Predictably enough, in John C. Bennett's view, "the dialogue and collaboration between Christians and Marxists in the Third World and especially in Latin America may have a transforming effect on Christian understanding of the U.S. role in the world." The traditional conflict between Marxism and Christianity is increasingly presented as the fault of the churches. Bennett believes not only that "Marxism has been the bearer of a true revolutionary imperative," but that "its anti-religious stance is a judgment upon the churches."

In a logical progression, revolutionary change in the United States

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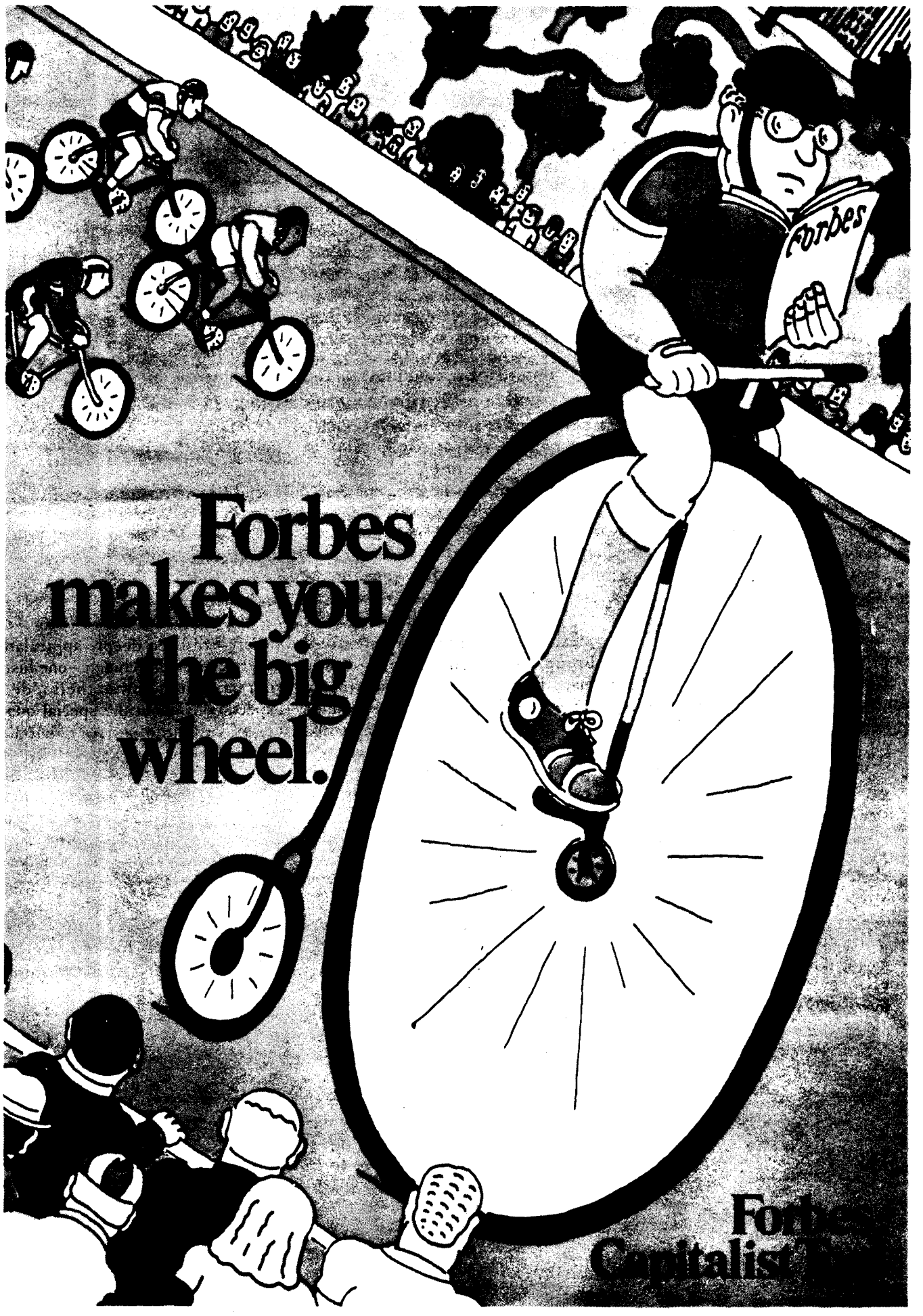
becomes essential if this country is to be eliminated, in Professor Bennett's words, "as a counterrevolutionary force from the backs of the third world countries." The "Third World" takes on a metaphorical meaning and includes U.S. blacks, Spanish-Americans, and American Indians as honorary members. The task for the Christian is to identify with—and to support actively—the oppressed of both the geographical and the metaphorical Third World.

If the oppressed turn to violence, Christians must support them in that decision. In an homage to liberation theology, the 1968 Uppsala Assembly of the World Council of Churches declared that "at times 'law and order' may be a form of violence" and that the "covert violence of those with power may at times have to be overcome by the overt violence of those who are their victims." On the subject of black rioting in U.S. cities, the National Council in 1969 announced that "there [is] an ethical difference between the violence used by the oppressed and that used by the oppressor." Said the Council: "Each use of violence is to be viewed on its own merits." In 1979, Dr. Robert McAfee Brown took this logic a step beyond the exoneration of violence to an attack on nonviolence, when he averred that although nonviolence can be useful as a technique, it is dangerous as an ideology. To urge nonviolence "on Third World people *or on minority groups at home*" [italics added] is irresponsible. Even peace churches condone violence once the act itself is redefined to include the righteous motives that drive men to violence. To condemn violence in its conventional sense is to take account only of the symptoms when it is necessary to deal with the cause. And in a perverse way, for groups like the Quakers, violence has become the identifying mark of the worthy cause. The more violent the group the greater the injustice from which it must be suffering, and so the more it compels support.

The imprecision of the Marxist vision of the post-revolutionary future is attractive to the churches because it provides a rationale for cooperation with Marxists without committing churchmen to scientific materialism. Marx opposed any attempt to describe post-revolutionary society on the grounds that to do so would detract from the revolutionary struggle itself. "What socialism will be we just don't know," said Lenin. This confirms the Christian radical in his faith in the possibility of a post-revolutionary Christian future, and facilitates his interpretation of the traditional Marxist attack on religion as a vilification of churchly establishments that had made their peace with an oppressive order. The modern Christian Left combines millenarian temperament with a social and political analysis and action program which is hardly distinguishable from Marxism-Leninism. According to one description, in "every part of the world the inner contradictions . . . have given rise to struggles within and against the established order" and that order has reached "the End of the Road." This sort of thing differs from Communist tracts only in an occasional use of religious phraseology.

All this could scarcely be more foreign to most church members. In fact, a recent National Council of Churches study has revealed that the rank and file of member denominations are more conservative than Protestants of denominations not affiliated with the Council, Catholics, Jews, and those without any religious affiliation. To cite one example: Whereas the National Council has officially denounced the harshness of the U.S. criminal justice system, an overwhelming 81.5 percent of the



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rank and file believe that the courts have been insufficiently harsh in dealing with crime.

Such revelations have had little impact on the Council. Rather, they have heightened conviction and lead to redoubling of effort, for they have shown how sorely needed is the "prophetic mission" of the Council. In many denominations members have voted with their feet, and entire churches have seceded from the central bodies with which they were affiliated. A new prayer book and the ordination of women have produced defections by Episcopal churches, and the compulsory appointment of women elders has precipitated defections by Presbyterian churches. (The large Ward United Presbyterian Church in Livonia, Michigan, seceded even though it had women elders; its minister Bartlett Hess explained: "It's the principle of freedom we're greatly concerned about. If the church takes away our freedom on one issue, they might take it away on another.") Typically, the United Presbyterian Church has sought to stem the exodus by amending its constitution to require that all property held by individual churches be held in trust for the whole denomination. The church can then take seceding congregations to court over their buildings and property.

In *Exit, Voice and Loyalty,* political economist Albert O. Hirschman identifies what he calls an exit option and a voice option for individuals concerned with the deterioration of product or organizational performance. For Hirschman, ideally, these are mechanisms of recuperation. The exit option warns of trouble as sales dip or membership falls off. The voice option also makes dissatisfaction obvious as complaints are made. Both are necessary, for without the option of exit, voice is not effective. Hirschman does not specifically deal with churches, for he recognizes them as institutions where the individual is not likely to exercise the option of exit. Nevertheless, we have seen that this option has been exercised, not merely by those for whom the option is relatively easy (their exit is chronicled in the large numbers of lost members the mainline churches report each year), but in the departure of whole churches made up of those most committed to the traditional rituals, theology, and forms of governance of their churches. And voice has been raised by those congregations which ultimately exited and by those which have remained to work from within. Journals like the *Christian Challenge,* the *Presbyterian Layman,* and the *New Oxford Review* and individuals like David Jessup have raised their voices in sustained and eloquent condemnation of the radical politics of their churches. Precisely because loyalty is in few areas so high as it is toward religious affiliation, one would expect the option of voice to be exercised with particular determination and resourcefulness. Yet potentially effective as voice is in the churches, it has thus far not been so, and the silence of most church members has been deafening.

But now some of the most distinguished clergy and laymen who have blazed the trail of voice are setting out to blaze a new trail—of voice backed by organization. On April 10, 1981, there was held the founding meeting of the Institute of Religion and Democracy, an interdenominational organization whose board members include Peter Berger, Carl Henry, Richard Neuhaus, Michael Novak, and Edward Robb. The Institute will provide the services, information, and resources that will help Christians to make actual the enormous potential for restoration that exists in the voices of millions of Christians. □

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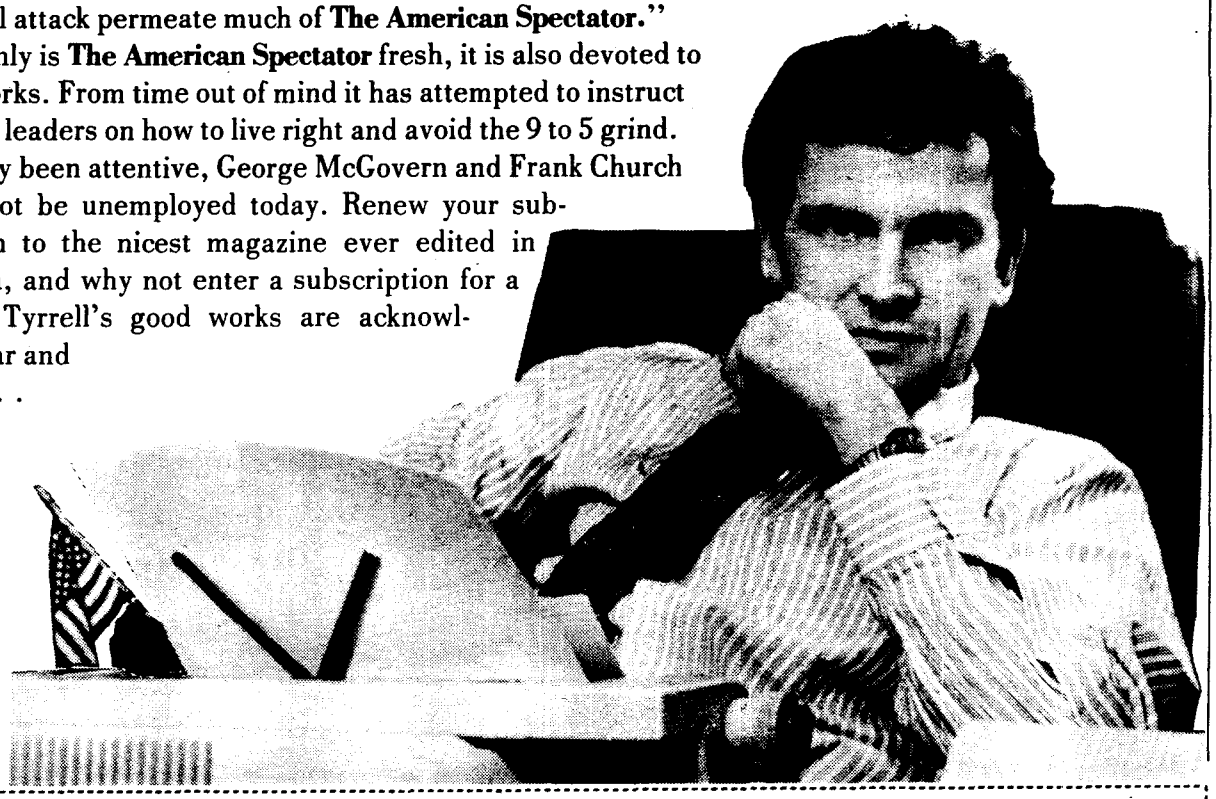

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CORRESPONDENCE

World War III Economics

Few articles in recent months have delighted me more than Eliot Cohen's review of the *Daedalus* collection on *U.S. Defense Policy in the 1980s* (March 1981). More than the review itself, his own brief analysis of our defense challenges was like a breath of fresh air. Perhaps better, he injected a bit of new rationality into that tradition-bound, warmed-over corpus we call the defense establishment.

Could our problems be traced to a simple generation gap? The generals and old brass seem to be re-living their earlier careers by preparing to cross the Rhine again or climbing the sea wall at Normandy. Is this why we are always prepared to fight the last war and not the next one?

In a recent text on economic and psychological warfare, I have objected to Mr. Cohen's remarks about the over-reliance on the "antiseptic laws of economic theory." Just as WWI was the war of the chemist and WWII the war of the physicist, we can expect WWIII to be the war of the economist. How fortunate for us, given the Anglo-American absolute predominance in this discipline. . . .

Mr. Cohen is more than correct in his prescription for American defense, but it is economic laws that will guide us out of this wilderness, not some charismatic Moses or Patton.

—Don Q. Reynolds, Jr.
Fairview, Tennessee

Womantalk About Taki

RE: "Ugly Women," (March 1981):
Taki's treatise on women is bleak,
Full of male chauvinism and pique,
Without any guile
In American style
A la Fonda, let's answer the Greek.

We "uglies" believe you're
distraught,
Confused and so lacking in thought,
'Cause your male hormone
measure
Which you seem to treasure
Appears to be quite close to naught.

Your prize woman, my dear Mr. Taki,
Is no more than a Japanese lackey,
Since you think she's so fine,
In '45, August 9,
You should have been in Nagasaki.

—Sally T. Knight
New Orleans, Louisiana

Having just read your recent article by Taki entitled *Ugly Women* (March 1981), I am moved to write and say that it is not only without factual basis or documentation but panders to the lowest instincts of your readership. It is trashy and shameful to print something like that in a respectable and literary periodical such as you claim to be.

—(Dr.) Susan Hobbs
Alexandria, Virginia

P.S. I notice no women writers among your authors and wonder if you intend to appeal only to male readers. You thus eliminate one half of the population from your audience.

This is a love letter:

1. When I first read *TAS*—not to be confused with *TASS*—I thought you invented your hate mail.

2. I tried by mental convolutions to reassure myself that I had not missed some ten years of your periodical.

3. Mr. Tyrrell's "Marx and Freud, those two quacks" (I write from memory) endeared him to me for life. Since *we* are not permitted a summer vacation from the continuing crisis, neither should he.

4. English, plain and simple. Taki on ugly women. Talking hatchets, I call them. . . .

5. I loved John Podhoretz's review of *The Competition* (March 1981) wherein he touts the conservative in film over the original. I hope he forgives me if I think him both conservative and original.

And so on.

—Helena Skalecki
New York City

Unclean Thoughts

I received my first issue of *The American Spectator.* The outrageous anti-abortion feature by one of your editors (March 1981) filled me with disgust. There was no article favoring abortion, merely this one-sided diatribe. As a result, please cancel my subscription immediately and refund the balance of the money. I feel unclean to think that I ever got involved with you people.

—H. Major
Los Angeles, California

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CURRENT WISDOM

The New Republic

While lecturing on language the renowned Toni Morrison explains how the Ku Klux Klan rides across her tongue:

It must suggest and be provocative at the same time. It is the thing that black people love so much—the saying of words, holding them on the tongue, experimenting with them, playing with them. It's a love, a passion. Its function is like a preacher's: to make you stand up out of your seat, make you lose yourself and hear yourself. The worst of all possible things that could happen would be to lose that language. There are certain things I cannot say without recourse to my language. It's terrible to think that a child with five different present tenses comes to school to be faced with those books that are less than his own language. And then to be told things about his language, which is him, that are sometimes permanently damaging. He may never know the etymology of Africanisms in his language, not even know that "hip" is a real word or that "the dozens" meant something. This is a really cruel fallout of racism.

[*March 21, 1981*]

New York

A revolution grows and gains strength as reported in the lucrative pages of *New York*, a counterculture arms manual:

So why's Mary Tyler Moore being tutored in political science by a Columbia University prof? Because she's prepping to take a more active role in the women's movement.

"I want to be careful I know what I'm talking about," said the *Ordinary People* star. Indeed, she's already done some talking on volatile issues. She's recently appeared in behalf of groups supporting higher welfare payments and opposing abortion curbs, and shared a platform with feminists Gloria Steinem and Bella Abzug at a women's rally in Washington.

[*March 30, 1981*]

New York Post

Flapdoodle from Mary McGrory, besotted on ceremony:

Okay, so I fell down on the job. I watched Walter Cronkite interview Ronald Reagan, and I paid more attention to him than to the President. I have a weakness for Cronkite, and I was experiencing severe anticipatory withdrawal pains as I saw him gently leading his eighth and last President across my screen. . . .

Cronkite never presumed, never postured, never got in the way of the news. I just don't know how we can face the '80s without him.

He's taken us through some bad times. You remember him choking up when he sat there, the most reassuring figure on the unbearable scene, reporting the death of John Kennedy.

[*March 9, 1981*]

The Great Book Series

A wild and exciting biographical revelation left for posterity by Kathy, daughter of Walter, while the glorious Cronkite name still has the puissance to fetch a buck:

I was nineteen when I was first married, and I kept that name for some years after my divorce because I liked the anonymity it offered. It was very handy to have a legitimate alias, not to have to answer The Question all the time. I also used to use it when I was broke, for example, and going to the free clinic. I figured they'd just laugh if someone named Cronkite came in and said they were broke and needed help.

I must admit that the power of the Cronkite name was probably a significant factor in reaching people for interviews, but I find it hard to believe that there are people naive enough to think that I "have it made" in my acting career because of my father.

When I first came out to California, I was still using my ex-husband's name. I battled with myself, not to mention with various advisers, about which name I was going to use professionally. I knew whatever name I used at the beginning of my career I would have forever, and I wanted it to be my *own* name, not my ex-husband's.

I think that one way in which the name has helped in my acting career is that because of its familiarity, a director or casting person might be more likely to remember me than if I were Kathy Smith. And that certainly helps.

Besides, in an odd way I felt that I owed my father that, the pleasure of pride in me if I did make it. I hoped to bring further honor and fame to an already famous name.

On the Edge of the Spotlight: Celebrities' Children Speak Out About their Lives
by Kathy Cronkite
[*William Morrow and Company, 1981*]

Miscellaneous

A terrifying communiqué sent to our offices by a group of Tucson, Arizona Night Riders:

February 4, 1981

The Saturday Evening Club
P.O. Box 877
Bloomington, Indiana 47402

Re: "Have you slugged your kid today?" Bumpersticker.

To Whom It May Concern:

The above bumpersticker advertisement has aroused considerable concern by our Coalition.

While the play on the current "have you hugged your kid today?" may have positive intentions, the fact is the intentions are unclear. There is a distinct possibility for some individuals to incur a message, for example, that you *should* slug your kid daily. The question may be interpreted as a suggestion to do so, in this case.

We strongly object to the possible effects of such a bumpersticker. We strongly urge you to discontinue marketing this item.

Sincerely,
Members of
Family Violence
Coalition

cc: John A. Calhoun, Director
Chief of Children's Bureau
& Commissioner; Administration
for Children, Youth and Families;
Dept. of Health, Education &
Welfare, Washington, D.C.

The New York Daily News Tonight

Garry Wills makes the kind of logical deduction for which he is so venerated amongst adepts of the Struthious School of Power Politics:

Sure we can win in El Salvador if that means supplying the force to put down rebels. But, after that, who rules, and how? Do we? If so, we inherit the hatreds of the people we want to rule. And the best fortress of a prince, again according to Machiavelli, is the love of his subjects. How can a people love us when we profess disregard for their rights, and boast that we are using them to hurt others? Those who can conquer but not control are just conquering themselves.

[*March 3, 1981*]

The Nation

A rare specimen of the abstruse drolleries that move the stone-faced readers of the *Nation* to lapse into happy hour:

As a service to *Nation* readers, Andrew Houlding, managing editor of the New Haven and Fairfield *Advocates*, who was last heard from in these pages with a piece on wiretaps ("The Wiring of New Haven," June 7, 1980), has compiled a kind of Self-Defense Catalogue for the Bugged Liberal in the Reagan Era. Anyone who is worried about being tapped, bugged, or otherwise eavesdropped on will be interested in these devices, all of them actually on the market.

Room Bug Guard (Tech Research Inc., $345). According to T.R.I.'s catalogue, this little wonder "automatically scans the room for low-powered transmitters" —the kind that are planted in rooms or worn by Abscam operatives under their shirts and that record conversations. The Room Bug Guard will silently tip you off if that mysterious stranger conjuring up the treasures of Araby is wired. When your silent beeper goes off, you might start reading him an entire issue of *The American Spectator* or similarly stupefying fare until he beats a retreat.

[*February 14, 1981*]

The Boston Globe

Another of the eudaemonic tales of the New Age, this time about that Vesuvius of passion, Elizabeth Dennison Dunker, erstwhile wife of Heinie Dunker, the investment banker now deceased:

Elizabeth Dunker is an elegant 75-year-old woman who wears her silver hair in a bun at the nape of her neck, favors floor-length skirts over slacks and plays the harpsichord. She doesn't fit anyone's stereotype of a lesbian.

But a softball glove, a gift from her lover, sits among the other mementos from a long life. At age 73, Dunker joined a Cambridge woman's softball team, fell in love with the pitcher, and decided she was a lesbian.

[*February 2, 1981*]

The Indianapolis Star

A concerned Americano writes to syndicated sage, Letitia Baldrige, regarding the questionable behavioristic psychology of an American original:

Dear Ms. Baldrige: I have a friend who is about to give what she is billing as a "Hostage Party" for a mutual friend, one of the returned hostages who lives in our area. She is going to present to each guest a paper "ball and chain" to wear as party favors. The guests will be met by a hostess armed with a "machine gun." She is having a cake made in the shape of the American Embassy building in Tehran, and things like that.

I think it's in extremely bad taste, but she won't listen to me. She is inviting the press "to cover" this unusual event, so she'll gain notoriety herself. Should I do anything more about it?—Initials and city withheld.

It sounds worse than just "extremely bad taste." Talk confidentially to a member of the hostage's family, then relay the reaction to your hostess friend. If she has any understanding of the words "friendship" or "compassion," she'll drop her grim circus idea of a party.

[*February 1, 1981*]

The Washington Post

A felicitous asseveration on the Atlanta killings from an anonymous "man in the street" delivered over to a grateful newsman at the illustrious *Post:*

I don't think it is a sick person. I think it is organized. The blatant racism that we suffer in America is just another level of the killing of black children in Atlanta. Ronald Reagan himself is a sign of that racism—his whole diversion of funds from social programs to the military budget. I don't think Reagan has any concern in seeing that racial violence be stopped.

[*March 11, 1981*]

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR is looking for a secretary with a good sense of humor and accurate typing skills. Send resume or write for application. Susan France, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402.

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